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No. 58.

MY LOVER.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

My lover has no lofty name.
No wealth at his command.
And yet I love him just the same.
And count him best of any in the land.

His hands are hard, and large and brown; His heart is warm and true, And though he has not great renown, I love him best of all I ever knew.

His voice is soft, whene'er he speaks, As mother's to her child; And I have often kissed his cheek, To see how fair his face was when he smiled.

He loves me, and I am content; His heart will let me in, And life and love, together blent, From coming years, some wealth must surely

The Winged Whale: THE MYSTERY OF RED RUPERT

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "SCARLET HAND," "HEART OF FIRE," "WOLF DEMON," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

UNDER THE PALMETTOES. A HUNDRED paces from the barrack, a

bank of roses nestled under the shadows of a little group of palmetto trees.

The night was quite dark, but afar off on the line of the horizon, shone the faint light that told of the coming of the rising moon.

By the side of the roses stood the sailor, known as Rupert Vane, and the fair Spanish

The perfume of the flowers floated on the soft breeze of the night.

Idly Isabel plucked a rose, and from under her long eyelashes watched the face of

"How pleasant the night is," she said, with a long breath, inhaling the perfumed

air.
"Yes, it is very pleasant," Rupert re-

plied.
"What a change from the crash of music and the giddy whirl of the ball-room," Isabel continued; "here, all is peace and

Yes, it seems to lull the senses to forgetfulness," Rupert observed, absently.
"Not so with me!" said Isabel, quickly.
"This scene brings back to my memory

years long past; years, when a gay and thoughtless child, I dreamed not of care or pain, and deemed the world all bright and The world should be naught else to one

You are pleased to flatter," replied Isa-

bel, smiling No; you are young, fair; there should

be strong arms and willing hearts to protect you from all the rude blasts of this life." A faint sigh came from Isabel's lips. "Why do you sigh?" asked Rupert, quick-

"I can hardly tell," and the girl smiled faintly. "I thought of something that hap-pened long ago." "And is the remembrance an unpleasant

"No," replied Isabel, quickly. "I sighed to think that the days are gone."
"They may come again," said Rupert,

Yes, I am sure they will come again! cried the girl, quickly, and a glad light shone in her full blue eyes.

The sailor replied not, but a flash of joy was on his dark face. "Is this your first visit to Pensacola?" Isabel asked.

"Yes, my first visit," he answered. The answer was simple and direct, yet the quick ear of Isabel detected a double meaning in the little sentence. You have never been here before?"

"How could that be possible? Am I not an American—a Yankee? My home is far to the north," he said.

Isabel understood the evasion. "Senor, it is strange how familiar your face is to me," she exclaimed, suddenly.
"My face?"

"How can that be possible?"

"I have seen it in a dream."
"A dream?" "Yes, listen. It is many years ago. I am a laughing, joyous child. My father lives, and I am the darling of his heart. It is a sunny afternoon in June. I am seeking wild flowers in the wood that fringes the bayou. Suddenly on the air rings the scream of the panther rolls on his side, dead. My preserver rises to his feet, his left arm torn by the cruel teeth of the beast. I am saved, and, forgetting all except that the youth

"I once had a dream almost a sequel to yours," said Rupert, slowly. "Do you wish has returned—found the girl grown into a woman, even more beautiful than her girl-

Yes," answered Isabel, with downcast The hero of my dream was a red-skinIsabel, and a shy, glad smile was on her beautiful face. Suppose that he should return—that he

ned youth, who was a slave, although no drop of negro blood was in his veins. Like promised to another; would he not be apt to head, fondly. think that she was unworthy of his love to so soon forget the promise that she had

"Isabel, the man that takes you from me must have a brave heart and a strong arm."

"Rupert, judge not the heart of the girl too harshly," said Isabel, softly.

He started as his name, pronounced by the soft lips of the beautiful girl, fell upon his ears. Oh! how the old memories swept

back over his soul. "Has she not been false to the vow that she made?" asked the sailor, slowly.

that his love was hopeless, and that he had "No!" replied Isabel, quickly and proudly, "the word given by the girl will be kept by the woman. Isabel never has been, or

ever will be false to Rupert." A moment the sailor looked into the soft, blue eyes, now shining, lustrous as moonlit waves, with love's passionate fires, and then, with a gentle motion, he drew the unresist-

ing girl to his heart. The blue eyes looked up with glances full of love into the passionate black orbs of Ru-Her head rested contentedly on his manly breast. The lips of the lovers met in

You will be mine?" he asked, softly

"Oh, Isabel, I have dreamed of a scene like this for many a long year," he said, smooth-ing back the silken, golden hair from her

"And so have I," she replied. "Each year I have looked for you to return and call upon me to redeem my pledge. Often in the stillness of the night have I lain awake and fancied that I saw your face in the dark-

"And your face, too, has been ever by my I have closed my eyes and felt your soft kiss upon my lips, seen your eyes beaming love on me; and now at last, my dream hood promised; suppose that the first intel- is reality. Isabel, I have come to claim "But the report that you are engaged to the son of the commandante?" the sailor asked. "My father dying bequeathed me to the care of Don Carlos. He has ever been tender and gentle, a second father to me. He

I was alive or dead—perhaps thought that I would never return and demand the ful-

fillment of the vow that you so freely made."
"Rupert, until I knew in truth that you were dead, I should still have believed that

you lived; and living I felt sure that you

asked me if my heart was free. I evaded the question and replied that no Pensacola gentleman had won my love. He asked me gentleman had won my love. He asked me then, how I liked his son, Captain Estevan. I could not tell my guardian that his son was distasteful to me; perhaps had I done so, it would have been the wiser course; but I could not bring myself to speak freely, for I knew it would pain the man who had been like a father to me. Don Carlos thought my silence gave consent. He said nothing in the world would give him greater pleasure than to see me the wife of his er pleasure than to see me the wife of his son. He further said he would not press me to answer then, but would give me time to think the matter over. The next day I was told that Captain Estevan had reported that I was betrothed to him."

"Isabel, the man that takes you from me

must have a brave heart and a strong arm, even though he were backed by all the Spaniards in Pensacola," said Rupert, a deter-

mined light shining in his dark eyes.

"Do not fear; I have given you my word;
I will keep it," and Isabel gazed fondly into
the manly face of her lover.

"And you will fly with me?"

"Yes, to the ends of the earth!" replied
the girl passionately.

the girl, passionately.
"It will take a few days to arrange for our flight; besides, now that I am here, there is another matter that I wish to attend to."

"In Pensacola?" "In Pensacola?"

"No, in the forest amid the wigwams of the red-skins of the Appalachee tribe," replied Rupert. "But we must arrange some way of meeting. It will not do for me to come openly to the house of the commandante; it would excite suspicion."

The girl was silent for a moment; her fair brow furrowed by thought. Then, suddenly she looked up again into the face of Rupert.

You remember the glade in the forest by

the bayou?" she asked.
"Where the panther tore my arm?"

"Where you saved my life; ye "And you will meet me there? "Yes, to-morrow afternoon at three; but, let us return to the ball-room; my absence may excite remark.

Again and again the lips of the lovers met of the palmettoes.

CHAPTER V.

SOLDIER OR CUTTHROAT?

The soft rays of the rising moon east a faint light over the scene. Hardly had the figures of the lovers disappeared, when another dark form stood by the little clump of

It was the form of Captain Estevan. He had stolen from the ball-room, and, concealed by the darkness, had watched the

Behind a group of bushes he had crouchtoo far from the twain to overhear their words, yet the soft air of the night had brought the faint sound of a passionate kiss

With features convulsed with anger he stood beneath the palmetto's shade. He saw the lovers enter the little circle of light that came from the open ball-room door and

then re-enter the room and join the gay throng of dancers.
"May Satan seize him!" cried Estevan, between his teeth, in anger. "Who can he be? A stranger evidently, and yet he conversed with her like an old friend. A friend? A lover more likely; for I'll swear that I heard the sound of a kiss. He then has touched the lips that she so coyly refused to me. The ice has melted; the statue become a woman. The girl has met this felow before, but where? She has never left Pensacola and he is a stranger here; but stop; I jump too hastily at conclusions.

my father or myself came to this new world. That is reasonable. "Very reasonable," said a hoarse voice that seemed to come from the ground at the

They may have met years ago, before either

feet of the young Spaniard.

Estevan started in astonishment. The voice seemed like an echo to his

words.
"It's only me, captain," said the voice, and then a head came through the leaves of the rose-bushes, followed by a rough, ungainly body, dressed in the Spanish uni-

"Roque Vasca!" said the captain, in astonishment. "The same to command, noble captain,"

replied the soldier, rising to his feet.

The soldier was a powerfully-built fellow, standing nearly six feet high. His features, gross and brutal, betrayed the drunkard and the bully.

"What are you doing here?" asked Estevan, quickly, and with a touch of anger in

"Don't be angry, senor captain," said ne soldier, with a grin. "I helped to fix the soldier, with a grin. "I helped to fix the old barracks there for the dance, and for the exquisite taste displayed by me in festooning the flags upon the wall, and in the arrangement of the green branches, your worthy father gave me a gold-piece-

Which you have spent in making a

hate of all mankind burning in his breast, he fled from Pensacola forever." panther. I sink on my knees in terror. Above my head, the beast clings to the 'Pensacola!" cried Isabel, with a joyous arching limb; crouching low, each muscle "Yes, it is here that the scene of my is nerved to spring upon me. Then a youth dashes through the aisles of the forest, armed dream is located. In other lands he sought forgetfulness of the wrong that had been only with a broad-bladed hunting-knife. The a long, lingering kiss, the pure and holy beast springs upon and bears him to the earth. A short, fierce struggle, and then the "And did he forget the girlish heart that vowed to be forever true to him?" asked "Yes, forever and forever," she replied, smiling fondly, as she gazed with a loving look in the dark face of her sailor. Isabel, with an accent of reproach in her 'No!" cried Rupert, impulsively; "as he fought his way upward in the world, one face was ever before him. Like a guiding star, it led him onward to fame and fortune. whose face is as red as an Indian's, has saved my life, I throw myself into his arms and vow to be his wife whenever he should It was his beacon-light, shining afar on the claim me.' troubled waters, that promised a haven of joy. He had but one thought—one wish: 'A strange dream," said Rupert, quietly. "Yes, and yet it seems to me so much like reality," replied Isabel, with an earnest to be able some day to return and claim the woman that he loved." look into the swarthy face of the sailor. And will that day ever come?" asked ness that surrounded me.'

youth you dreamed of, he once saved

the life of a young Spanish girl, his mistress, whom he loved better than all else in the

world beside. His secret was discovered. The lash repaid his boldness. They tied him up and whipped him. He was a slave,

and like a slave they punished him. The lashes cut into his back, but their pain was

but little, compared with the agony that fill-

ed his heart when the truth came to him

cherished the passion of a madman.

"And the after life of this youth?" asked

Isabel, earnestly.
"My dream does not extend to that," replied Rupert, "but still it is easy to guess at

Humbled to the dust, and with a fiery

promised wife of this Captain Estevan. When the cruel words fell upon my ears, the very air around me seemed stifling."

"And did you believe that I was false to you?" asked the girl, reproachfully. "No, I fought against that belief; yet long years had passed. You knew not whether rupted Estevan." inter-

head, fondly.
"I am ready to fulfill my word," replied

But they may be desperate ones.

"You will go with me then and share my

"Then the more need that I should be by

your side to comfort you. The woman who truly loves will cling closer to her husband in the hour when the clouds are dark around

him, than in the one when his path is in the sunshine," said Isabel, softly.

what I may be even now," Rupert said.
"I do not fear. The man, who, as a boy

gave his arm to the panther's jaws, and risk

edshis life to save another's, will not be like

ly to bring disgrace upon the woman who

loves him well enough to forsake home and friends and follow his fortunes throughout

the world," replied Isabel, firmly. There was no shade of doubt on the earnest face

or, fervently.
"No, I am only a woman who loves with

all her heart and soul," she replied.
"And who is loved with a devotion as

deep as the sea whereon I have snatched my

"And you come to Pensacola for me?" "Yes, again," he answered. "Isabel I have never forgotten you for a single instant

since we parted, though long years have in-

tervened. Judge then how deep was my sorrow when I heard that you were the

"Isabel, you are an angel!" cried the sail-

that looked into Rupert's.

You are a sailor?"

"But you know not what I have been,

the girl, promptly.

fortunes?





JOURNAL.

"Senor captain, you are a wizard! That is exactly what I have done. A knave of a fisherman bet me that I couldn't drink ten bottles of wine and walk off with them. For the honor of the Spanish service, I couldn't decline the bet, I won, of course; then I celebrated the victory with two bottles more, and feeling tired, I laid down to sleep under the shelter of these bushes. I was awakened by the sound of voices. It was the Senorita Isabel and this foreign gallant." lant."
"Did you overhear their conversation?"
asked Estevan, eagerly.
"But little of it, senor captain. I only
heard the last of it," replied the soldier.
"What did their conversation relate to?"
"First that this strayer senor seeks some lant.

"First, that this strange senor seeks something in the wigwams of the Indians; what, I do not know, for he did not say; next, he arranged a place of meeting with Senorita

Ah! where was it, and when do they meet?" asked Estevan, in rising anger.
"My memory is dreadfully bad, senor captain," replied the soldier, with a grin.

Your memory bad ?" "Yes; I never even remember my debts, nor how many bottles of wine I drink, when I come to pay for them. There is always a difference of two or three bottles between my reckoning and the keeper of the wine shop's," and the soldier thrust his tongue in his cheek in a significant manner. You are lying, knave!" cried Estevan,

Oh, noble captain!" exclaimed the sol dier, "I swear that I speak the truth. If you doubt me, ask the keeper of the wine-

You know well where the Senorita Isa bel is to meet her lover. How much do you ask for the information? Will gold cause you to remember?"

"Gold is a wonderful thing, senor," said Roque, with a comical grin; "it will do al-most any thing, except restore the dead." "Will it restore your memory?" demand-

ed Estevan, impatiently.
"I think it will, senor," replied the sol-

dier.
"There," and Estevan placed a gold-piece in the broad palm of Roque.

"Oh, wonderful! I do remember!" cried the soldier, briskly. "The senorita is to

meet the strange senor to-morrow afternoon And the place?" demanded Estevan, in

feverish impatience.
"In a glade in the forest by the bayon, where the strange senor once saved her life from a panther.'

That is indefinite," said Estevan, with a frown.

"By Saint Peter, it's not my fault," replied Roque; "I have related faithfully what I heard."

"There are many glades in the forest."
"Yes, and many of them by the bayou."
"To-morrow?" asked Estevan, thought-

fully.
"Yes; the senorita loves the stranger she gave up her lips freely to him. He kiss ed them, not once, but a dozen times." Estevan answered not, but ground his

teeth in anger. "If I were the senor captain, I should prevent the strange senor from meeting the lady to-morrow in the forest glade," said the soldier, with his shrewd eyes fixed intently upon the passion-stirred face of his officer.
"How prevent the meeting?" asked Estevan, with a covert glance at the face of the

"Get the stranger to take a walk with you in the moonlight, and then have some trusty lad in ambush to put an ounce ball through

his head," said Roque, coolly.

"And who will perform the task?"

"I will, for five gold pieces," answer the soldier, quickly.
"It may be difficult to induce him to leave the ball-room," said Estevan, thought-

Oh, I think not, senor captain." "I have it!" cried Estevan, suddenly.
"I have hit upon the very device."

'Good, and I'll hit your man for you!' exclaimed the soldier, with a chuckle "How soon will you be ready?" Almost immediately. I've only to go to my quarters and get my weapon.
"In twenty minutes, then?"

I'll be ready. Good; the affair is understood, then?"

And so the two parted.

The soldier hastened in the direction of

his quarters, while Estevan walked slowly toward the ball-room.

Now, if Roque's hand be firm, the fate of my rival is sealed," the captain said, musingly. "Isabel must be mine. I am madly in love with the girl; and then, she is wealthy, too. Once she is my wife and her fortune mine, I'll leave this cursed life and return to old Spain. I hate this New World. To remain here is but living death. I'll strike this rival from my path, and then the girl is mine

As Estevan entered the circle of light that streamed from the open doorway, a female form came from the ball-room and advanced

The Spaniard started in astonishment as his eyes fell upon the face of the woman. She was a girl in years, barely twenty; tall and stately in figure, a very queen in bearing. Her face was wondrously beautiful, a rich olive in tint, the warm blood showing freely beneath the transparent skin. Eyes of liquid fire, black as night's mantle, lit up the face as the sun lights up the dawn. Her ebon hair curled in little crispy ringlets close to her head.

A glad smile was on her face, and eagerly with outstretched hands, she advanced to meet the Spanish captain.

Nanon!" exclaimed Estevan, in aston-"Yes, Nanon!" exclaimed the girl, and impulsively she threw herself upon his

breast.
With a quick glance around, Estevan drew the girl from the circle of light into the obscurity of the darkness caused by the shadow of the barrack.

Why, Nanon, how came you here?" asked Estevan, in astonishment. Are you not glad to see me?" questioned

the girl, eagerly. "Yes, of course," he replied, in confusion.
"And yet you have not kissed me," and there was a bitter reproach lurking in the

The Spaniard drew her affectionately to s breast and imprinted a kiss upon her

full lips. "There, are you satisfied, now?" he asked, putting on an appearance of gayety.
"Yes, you see how little it takes to satisfy

But, Nanon, why are you here?" he

"To see you. What other reason could oring me from New Orleans to A shade passed over Estevan's face as her "Did my sudden appearance surprise "Yes," he answered.
"I arrived this morning.
"Alone?" "No; Antoine, my cousin-you remem ber him—he is with me."
"But, why have you come to seek me? I promised that I would return to New Or.

leans in a month. Estevan, I will speak frankly. I heard that you were to be married," and as the girl spoke, she looked eagerly in the face of the Spaniard as though she expected to read

the truth there.

"Nanon, I will not deceive you," said Estevan, after remaining silent for a moment; 'the report is true."
"True!" and the girl's eyes were filled

with tears.
"Yes, but listen to the reasons that led me to this course. Nanon, I am a ruined man; deeply steeped in debt; even my commission is pledged. The match was arranged by my father; my promised bride is wealthy. Her money will pay my debts. I dare not offend my father, for I am utterly in his proper.

"And do you love this girl better than you do me?"

"No," he answered.
Again the smile shone on the face of the 'It is only money then that separates

"Yes," answered Estevan, slowly; he was unable to guess what was passing in Nanon's mind—"money and my father's

Then I do not despair," said the girl, Why, what do you mean, Nanon?"
Never mind; in time you will know

all," she replied. "You will remain in Pensacola?"
"Yes, until I either win or lose the stake for which I play. You will come and see

"Here is the direction," and she gave a card into his hands. "Will you come to-

"I must return to the ball, or Antoine will

notice my absence. He does not yet know the motive that brings me here."

Again Nanon held up her lips for the Spaniard's kiss, and then glided from his arms and re-entered the ball-room. "Accursed luck!" cried Estevan, in de-pair. "What demon tempted this girl to eave Orleans and follow me here? The

ath before me is a difficult one. I must read it with cautious steps."
With anger in his heart, Estevan followed

> CHAPTER VI. THE AMBUSCADE.

RUPERT escorted Isabel to her former position, and then, with a low bow, left her.
The faces of both were radiant with joy.
Happiness filled their hearts; the future looked bright before them.
Andrews, who had been on the look-out

for Rupert's return, joined him at once.
"What luck, cap'n?" he asked, quietly.
"The best in the world," replied Rupert, his face flushed with joy and his dark eyes shining bright with happiness.

You've had quite a long talk with the

"Every thing satisfactory?" All smooth water, eh?"

"And I s'pose you're as happy as a clam at high tide?"

Well: I don't know exactly how happy that inhabitant of the mud is at the time you mention, but he must be very happy indeed to compare with me," Rupert replied

"The gal is faithful?"
"True as the needle to the pole!"
"Or our brigantine to her helm, eh?"

"Well, women are queer cattle; least-ways, I've always found 'em so," said An-drews, reflectively. "Sometimes they'll ang onto a fellow like grim death; and then ag'in, their grip is so light that a cat's-paw of wind will break it. Your gal seems to be one of the hold-fast kind."

Yes, I'd stake my life upon the truth of her love!" said Rupert, impulsively. eight years since I have held her in my arms—since she told me that she loved me and would be mine. She was but a child then but the woman holds still to the word given. Years have only increased her love. She is willing to fly with me when I say the word. She will forsake home, friends,

"Well, now, she's a reg'lar stunner!" said Andrews, in admiraton. "She's an angel!"

"Without wings and dressed in petti-coats," the Yankee added, laughing. "But, now soon are you going to take the gal? "I can not tell yet," Rupert replied, thoughtfully. "That depends upon circumstances. I have some other matters to attend to first.

"Other matters!" exclaimed Andrews, in surprise.
"Yes, it is not the quest of the girl alone

that has brought me to Pensacola. "What else?" "I have a mission to fulfill; a wrong to be righted," replied the sailor, and a cloud passed over his handsome features.
"By the way, cap'n," said Andrews, sud-

denly, "did you tell the girl who and what

'No; she only knows that my name is Rupert, and that I am a sailor."
"I think that it is better for you to keep

secret to yourself than to reveal it, We have little to fear, even if it was openly known in Pensacola that we are in

the neighborhood," Rupert said, carelessly "Well, I don't know that," replied Anlrews, with a dubious shake of the head. "The saucy brigantine has made a name for herself on the high seas, and there's many a man-of-war captain that would give a handome sum to lay his vessel alongside of

"That will never be," answered Rupert, quickly; "on the broad ocean there's not a frigate that our beauty can't show a clean pair of heels to."

That's so, cap'n: but, if these Spaniards here should discover that we are in the neighborhood and send information to our foes, they might come upon us unawares. night!" cried the Spaniard, quickly.

"We must be careful and disguise our presence, then," said Rupert, thoughtfully, "That's jest my ideas on that p'int."
"To-morrow I shall seek the chief of the Appalachee nation. In the wigwams of the

red-skins I may procure the information that I wish. That task done, then I'll bear away my bride, and on the broad, blue waters laugh defiance to pursuit."

"Oh, cap'n, I forgot!" cried Andrews, suddenly.
"What?" asked Rupert.
"Do you know Captain Estevan, the of the commandante of this post?"

"No."

"You know that Senor Garcia said he was to be married to this little gal?"

"Yes; but the report is untrue."

"Jes' so; but when you left the ball-room jest now. I noticed that this Fetagrap follows:

jest now, I noticed that this Estevan follered arter; it looks to me as if he was a-kinder spyin' on you," Rupert's brow darkened. 'Let him take care," he said, with an ac-

cent of menace in his tone.
"I had an idea that he was kinder hankerin' arter the gal, for he didn't look a bit pleased," Andrews said, shrewdly. "He is in love with Isabel and seeks her

hand. Your rival, eh?"

"Better look out for yourself then, for these Spaniards are treacherous cusses; they had jest as lief stick a critter in the back as

had jest as het stick a critter in the back as eat their fodder," Andrews said, seriously.

"I have very little fear!" said Rupert, contemptuously. "If this Captain Estevan ever measures wits or weapons with me, I fancy that he will dearly rue it."

"Yes, but he won't do it fairly; these tan-colored dons are up to all sorts of mean tricks, so jest keep your eyes open," Andrews said in warning.

"Rest assured that I shall not walk blindly into any trap that may be laid for me," Rupert replied. "You say that this Spaniard followed Isabel and myself from the ball-

room?"
"Yes," Andrews answered.
"Could it have been for the purpose of spying upon our interview?"
"Well, it looks like it to me."

"Have you noticed whether he has re-

Yes; he has not come back yet. Ah, "Yes; he has not come back yet. Ah, there he is now, by 'jingo!" and as Andrews spoke, the Spaniard entered the ball-room.

A moment Estevan looked around him, and then, seeing the two Americans standing together, he came toward them.

"He's coming this way; he's got his eye on us," Andrews said, noticing the movement of Estevan.

"He seems to be in search of some one."

"And that some one is a chap about your

' And that some one is a chap about your size, cap'n," Andrews said.
"He'll find me without any trouble."

The approach of the Spaniard forbade further conversation. "Can I have a word with you, sir?" Estevan asked, bowing, politely.
"Certainly," replied Rupert, returning the salutation. "Excuse me for a moment," he said to Andrews, and then he followed

"As what I have to say to you may take up some little time, suppose we procure our hats and adjourn to the open air." "As you please," replied Rupert, care-

The hats procured, Estevan led the way to the open air.

The moon shed its soft light over the

"Is there any particular direction is which the senor would prefer to walk? Estevan asked. "No, all ways are alike to me," Rupert plied, carelessly.

replied, carelessly.

"Let us turn to the right then. The path leaden sky, the shricking wind, and intense from observation." from observation.' Lead on, sir."

"Lead oh, sh.

The two proceeded on their way.
Rupert's face showed not a sign of suspicion, yet his hand, which he had thrust carelessly into his bosom, grasped a loaded He was prepared for danger, if danger

Ten minutes' walk brought the twain to the edge of the timber that fringed the line of the city.

"Here we can speak freely and without danger of being overheard, senor," said Es-tevan, turning and facing the sailor. "I am at your service, sir," Rupert said,

'If I mistake not, you are a stranger to

"You are right; I am."
"But you are acquainted with Senorita Morena?"s even seum em mort uoy s "May I ask the nature of that acquaintance?

"You may," said Rupert, with an unruffled smile 'And the nature is-"Stop; you are proceeding a little too fast; I said that you might ask the nature of the acquaintanceship, but I did not say

that I would answer the question, Rupert smiled, beamingly, in the face of the Spaniard. Estevan colored to the temples. He felt

that he was being played upon. "You are laughing at me, senor!" claimed the Spaniard, striving to hold his anger in check and appear outwardly as calm as his rival; for, in his own mind, he

felt sure that the dark-hued stranger held that position in regard to him. "Laughing at you, senor captain!" cried Rupert, in a tone of great astonishment, which was plainly assumed for the occasion Estevan bit his lip; for the moment he

did not dare to trust himself to speak. "I believe that I am speaking correctly n addressing you as Captain Estevan, al though I have never had the exquisite leasure of making your acquaintance,'

ontinued Rupert, blandly Yes, I am Captain Estevan Alvarado and the affianced husband of Senorita Isa-

So I have been told," said Rupert, calmly and without exhibiting any sign of emotion. "I congratulate you upon the happiness before you. Congratulate the devil!" exclaimed the

Spaniard, in a rage. 'Oh, softly and gently," smilingly said pert; "don't lose your temper. You may need it all before we get through with this interview.'

There was a latent menace in the words of the sailor that fell discordantly upon the ear of Estevan. "Senor, you can not deceive me with your evasive words. I know that you have met the lady who is to be my wife in secret to-

"And so you set spies to watch the senor-ita, eh?" questioned Rupert, contemptuously, "Your question is an insolent one, and I shall not answer it," replied Estevan, haughtily.
"Let us terminate this interview at once,' said the sailor, abruptly. "What do you want with me?" To warn you from the path that you are ading."
'Bah! I laugh at warnings!"

"Then the consequences of your rashness be on your own head." Estevan turned upon his heel as if to de-'Is this all that you have to say?" Rupert asked.
"Yes," and the Spaniard walked rapidly

Does he think to frighten me with empty words?" and a scornful smile curled Rupert's lips. "He little knows Red Rupert. I'll have Isabel, if I have to level every roof in Perceptage.

in Pensacola to win her."

The footfall of the Spaniard died away in Rupert slowly proceeded in his footsteps. A dozen paces had he walked, when sud-

denly he halted.

His eyes were fixed upon a small cluster of bushes some fifty feet in front of him to

He saw a gun-barrel gleam in the moon-light among the foliage of the bushes. It was aimed directly at his heart. He halted, for death stared him in the face.

Oath-Bound:

THE MASKED BRIDE.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, HOR OF "SHADOWED HEART," "SCARLET CENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI. A NIGHT'S WORK. IT being Annette Willoughby's monthly afternoon "out," she had, on her return from the city at six o'clock, gone across the bleak lawn from the depot to the Riverside Lodge; there was sternness and unrest in her face that Lida remarked the moment she opened the door. "Is any one home?" she had asked, as

"No one but myself; and I am an impatient prisoner. I hope to take my old posi-tion in a week at furthest. You are wil-

ling?"
Annette's lips curled.
"Delighted; for I am sickened to death of it all, since my miserable failure."
"How ever you dared to do it," said Lida, half admiringly. "You have a wonderful brain; did you know it, Annette?"
"I shall not admit that until I bring that creature down low! Oh, Lida, I hate her with a hatred beside which common dislike is the highest love! I must crush her, I is the highest love! I must crush her, I shall crush her, and for your co-operation I

am here to-day."

A half-frightened look crept over Lida's face; it always did when Undine—Annette we are bound to call her—talked of further

"You are strong enough to do what I ask. First, I have in my trunk that is here my best silk suit, all my jewels and money: my best sink suit, an my jeweis and money; besides my best under-clothing, my watch and chain. These, I am confident, will fit you; put them on, Lida, and go with me to the city to-night. I will wear my alpaca suit, and go as your maid."

The girl looked woefully out the window of the applies come preserved by the dull.

You will tell me why, Annette? what I

Annette laughed scornfully "Do masters generally explain to servants? It is enough to give their orders. I expect you to go—that is all. Of course you are at perfect liberty to refuse; you know the penalty, however. For my part, I would much prefer a flying trip to New York them dispares perhans the mison; the York than disgrace, perhaps the prison; the gallows, for all I know."

"Mercy, Annette! Why need you be so cruel? Of course I will go, What hour shall I meet you at the station?" "At seven to-night, and there's no time to spare; and remember that Mrs. Hall is to think you are alone, if she need know any

It was just in time to take the 7.10 down train that the women met at the station; and together they were hastened along, neither speaking to the other.

They crossed over the city in the horse

cars, and from thence to one of the downtown ferries, where Annette led the way in-to the ladies' waiting-room, now deserted, for it was nearly ten o'clock.
"Now, Lida, I will tell you why I have brought you here. It is simply for the im-

mediate furtherance of my plans. Lida Crystel Roscoe shall suffer for her love for Bertrand Haighte; suffer because he loves her, and I shall be partly recompensed when see her proud head brought low! Lida shrunk back into the dim corner. Oh. Annette! Annette!

Annette looked up at her. "You are shocked to learn what an enemy I can be? Be careful I am never yours, then, Lida." "I know something dreadful is coming Oh, Annette, for the love of sweet mercy

don't make me plunge any deeper in sin than I am!"
"Hush! this is not the place for sentimental farce, though it may be for high tragedy. Lida, Crystel has got to be put out of the way, and, hark you, you must do it! Like a hunted deer, close followed by the

pitiless hounds, Lida's breath came and went in quick, short jerks. Her eyes were strained open, horror-held, as she heard the sickening words fall from

Undine Del Rose's lips. Then a long, awful silence fell between them broken only by the creaking of the pier and the sullen splash of the waters against the dock; for the wind was rising higher and higher, and the brewing storm closing more densely over the dark land-

Well! you will do it, or-She never finished the sentence, for, with cry of despair, Lida sprung from her seat. "Never! sooner than that, I'll bea prisonr all my days! sooner than that, I'd bring

my life to its everlasting close! And with a quick-drawn breath, she rushed out on the swaying pier; a second's pause as she turned to Undine. My blood be upon your head!

Then she sprung silently into the crashing,

frothy waters; once she rose, her eyes wildly opened, as if imploring Heaven's forgiveness; and then she sunk again; and Undine saw a long bloody streak on her head as she was about to turn away.

With all her bravery, her diabolical strength, she shivered and trembled as she could barely retrace her steps. A horse-car passing took her up, and she went on, breathing freer amid the companionship of other living mortals.

All that long ride back to the Hudson River Depot she rejoiced at the success of her plan; for it had been her intention to goad Lida Hall on to despair; until she should either destroy herself in an utter frothy waters; once

should either destroy herself in an utter frenzy, or accede to her demands; for either answer she was prepared to act.

Now, her first duty was to write a note to Jacob Hall's wife, and drop it in the letter-box; thus, by being mailed in New York, she would mislead any suspicion that might arise as to her intimacy with Lida. For hereoff che had taken good some that no one herself she had taken good care that no one should know of her absence from Eden-wilde. This she had done by lighting her lamp before she went out, that would shine out in the darkness as if she were within. She knew there would be no demands on

her, as it was her own time exclusively. She wrote the note at the depot, with a pencil, on a piece of newspaper margin. "Dear Aunt Ellen:—I went down to New York this afternoon, and meeting with Joe Willoughby—you have heard me mention him —I have decided to go with him to the West. We will be married before we start. Please tell Annette.

Undine knew Lida's handwriting well enough to mislead the eyes of uncle and aunt Hall, who would not grieve particularly on account of their niece, as no especial love had ever existed between them.

love had ever existed between them.

This letter she dropped in the box—Undine generally carried envelopes and stamps—and then took the last train up.

It was nearly twelve when she reached home; the lights were burning in the parlor, and she heard voices in conversation.

Back of the house she crept, in the shadow, and to the side-door, that led to the servants hall; and, unobserved, she reached her room.

her room. MANIA W THESIA YE CHAPTER XVII.

FOUND MURDERED. It was a cold, rainy, gloomy evening, when all New York seemed agreed to stay in-doors for the nonce; horse-cars glided over the rails with few or no passengers, and the policemen at the corners drew the rubber coats higher up around their necks and their caps lower down over their foreheads, evidently wishing their lines had fal-

len in pleasanter places.

It was just the time for villainy and crime to stalk forth; you could almost imagine every hurrying, solitary figure a burglar or

Away down by one of the wharves, a crowd of people, a rough, ill-favored set, were gathered, gaping at a solemn something that men were drawing up out of the At last the still burden was lain, almost reverently by those men, on the wet and slippery boards, and the crowd closed

around it and looked down on the dead wo-man, with her long, jet-black hair clinging about her slight, graceful form, and her black silk dress all wrapped in tight folds about her.
Rings sparkled on her fingers; a massive watch-chain, and a tiny watch depending from it; in her pocket was a letter, and a dainty handkerchief and a portmonnaie.

All these were carefully taken care of by the proper authority, and the body, swollen and bloated past possible personal recognition, was carried to the Morgue.

And the news spread, as such news will, and all the scoper because the rictim recognition. and all the sooner because the victim was

evidently wealthy and aristocratic.

People came to identify—not the bodyfor human skill never could have done that, but the clothing, the jewels, and shoes. When a stylish, elegant lady in her barouche came weeping away from the dead girl, they showed her the letter, the handkerchief, and the weapon that was supposed

to have taken her life.

Poor Mrs. St. Havens! she had felt so hurt at Undine the night of her sudden de parture; and now, so soon after, she found her, murdered! dressed in the same elegant othes she had left home in.

The portmonnale empty, for Undine had spent her change in car fare; the web of a handkerchief, with "U.D.R." embroidered in the corner; a letter, one of Undine's own passionate outpourings to her recreant admirer; and there, horribly—infinitely worse than all—was the death-wound on her throat, and the elegant little bijou of a penknife, all ornamented with gold and ebony, that was rusted over in blood, and that lay under the bosom of the murdered girl's dress, a penknife bearing the initials "C. R."

It was too horrible, and the dearest friend

a mad woman, till they carried her away to her lonely home. Later the inquest was held, and it was decided that "Undine Del Rose had been fully identified by Mrs St. Havens, and was be-lieved to have come to her death by a wound in the head, committed by some unknown

Undine had ever known wept and raved like

person, probably with a penknife marked 'C. R.'" That was the import of the verdict, and in the papers, Bertrand Haighte and Clifford Temple read it at The Towers. It hardly seems possible to describe the effect of the news, to them so awfully sud-

Bertrand seemed almost stupefied. den. 'Murdered! Good God, who has done 'C. R!—merciful Heaven, Clifford, Crystel has a pen-

He paused, a gray pallor rushing over his face, his eyes almost starting from his Clifford shivered as he laid down the pa-

'I think it has been suicide. Poor, wayward, passionate child! she must have loved you, Bertrand?" But Haighte's ears were sealed-he was

only thinking, thinking of the homible agony that had come like a lightning-flash Then he clutched Clifford's arms in his excitement. "Suicide? of course; but don't you see-oh! don't you see, she has murdered herself with what I solemnly beieve to be Crystel's knife? She has either stolen it or caused a counterfeit to be made after she had seen it. Oh, the fiend, the de-

noness! see, how it will criminate my poor, hunted darling.' He paced to and fro, his eyes wearing a wild, horrified expression. Clifford started from his chair when Ber-

trand had spoken, his own face wearing an aspect of trouble and anxiety.

"Let us go straight to Edenwilde and get Crystel's knife. Of course she has it, and with it in our possession, we can defy suspicion—if suspicion there be. Again, Bertrand, the time when this deed was committed must have been, as the attending physician swore, the very day we went to New York—and while Crystel was at The Tow. York, and while Crystel was at The Tow-

His face lighted up as he thus disposed of the case to his own satisfaction.
Then he smiled outright.

'I've just thought how extremely ridiculous we are to dare even think of connecting Crystel in this affair. Bertrand, we are

But a coldness had seized the very vitals

of the young lover. 'But there will be an investigation, and I, as a law-student, can see through it all better than your unaccustomed eyes. Who, in the eyes of the world, would so be Undine's natural enemy rather than my Crystel? All our private life will be exposed to the hungry gaze of sensational-article readers; the whole world will know more of Crystel and Undine and I, than we know ourselves."

"But, by producing Crystel's knife and seeing the authorities, we can put a stop to any investigation, can't we?"

"If we can prove where my darling has

been every moment since Undine left her home, I have all hopes."
"Then, let us go to Edenwilde without

an instant's delay."

At Crystel Roscoe's home the news had not yet been received; the morning papers lay still unfolded on the stand, and Hellice and her sister were feeding their canaries.

They turned around as the two gentlemen entered, and without a word of salutation, Bertrand strode up to Crystel.

For God's sake, give me your pen-She blushed a little, suddenly remembering that she had lost it on her recent journey; then she grew a little terrified at Bertrand's wild manner, no less than his

language.

He impatiently laid his hand on her shoulder. "Don't keep us waiting; your penknife, with the initials on."

Hellice had dropped the lump of sugar, and looked at the two in wonderment. Then Clifford explained: "You have not read the papers, ladies? If you had, you could appreciate Bertrand's unusual excitement. Let me beg of you, Miss Crystel, to accede to the request."

Hellice snatched up the paper at the same

Hellice snatched up the paper, at the same time remarking, rather haughtily—"I am sure I can not see why the paper should affect either my sister or her property."

"But I can't give it to you—I—have—lost

A cry fell simultaneously from the lips of the young men; and the girl blushed to think she had thus to confess at this late day what she had noped Hellice never would

"Oh! no! no, my darling; give it to me, for the love of heaven! for the sake of your own sweet life!"

Bertrand's pleading, agonized words alarmed her; and she looked appealingly at

Hellice had read the awful lines, and was staring in white wonderment at Crystel; then, by some mighty effort, she spoke. Have you any idea where your knife was

Then Crystel knew she must confess her At the station, or near there, I fear."

When?" demanded Bertrand.
Last Thursday, the day you went to

"Yes," and a hopeful light showed itself in Clifford's eyes. "The afternoon you spent at The Towers, I think you said?" Crystel blushed painfully. "I did not go there. I know I said so. Bertrand, my

darling, please don't be angry. I went to New York!" Then, with a hollow groan, the young man sunk to the sofa.
"Oh, my Crystel, my darling! God help you, God help you! Clifford was about to speak, but Hellice in-

terrupted him, and went up to her sister, and laid her hands on her shoulder.
"I comprehend it all. Crystel, that paper

says Undine Del Rose is murdered—there, don't look so white, my poor child; she was murdered the very afternoon you were at New York, and your penknife, we fear, was found on her person.

She spoke with a dreadful calmness, and Crystel shivered, but spoke not a word. Evidently the suspicion had not taken hold of

Well, what more ?"

Hellice looked down into the pure, fright-'Can you not see that it is only a matter of time as to when you shall be arrested on suspicion? oh, my Father in Heaven, she is dying—I have killed her!"

with the full force of that kindly cruel blow, the girl's senses had mercifully

And out in the hall, amid all the confusion, Annette Willoughby smiled at the

'And I'll swear I heard her say she'd 'find a way to remove her!'

CHAPTER XVIII. DARK DAYS.

The body of the unfortunate girl, after the necessary formula of law had been gone through with, was conveyed to Mrs. St. Ha-vens' residence and from there buried, in all the style befitting their station in life. Then the house had been darkened, the funeral guests departed, and Mrs. St. Havens, in her sable robes, paced the floor in restless grief.

Although not three days had elapsed since the body was discovered, the world was familiar with the facts elicited at the inquest and, despite the power and position of the families at The Towers and Edenwilde, dark rumors and suspicions were flying the rounds of the newspapers, while one or two of the sensational illustrated weeklies had woven a romantic story, and heralded it before the hungering public eye.

It seemed strange; passing strange that all this trouble had come so suddenly upon so many people; and while the outside world were hovering before they alighted on their prey, the little world at the homesteads on the Hudson were half paralyzed with grief and fear.

General Roscoe, at the very beginning of the trouble, had had his lawyer down at her story. set to work to discover if other enemies than the supposed had been at work.

She had been coming to the drawing room with a shawl for Miss Crystel. The doors were all open and she had been at the doors were all open and she had been to the doors were all open and she had been to the doors were all open and she had been coming to the drawing room with a shawl for Miss Crystel.

ed legal adviser, had poured the story of his agony in his ears: probably more as a friend than a client. To his surprise, he found Lawyer Allan as stricken with grief at the untoward fate of Undine Del Rose as was Bertrand at Crystel's danger.

To his greater surprise, the man refused his counsel, and even asserted his own con-viction that Crystel had murdered the girl

in a fit of revengeful anger.

Bertrand turned, in passionate indignation, to the man. "I wonder how you dare utter such words to me, sir. You, who have enjoyed the confidence of my family these enjoyed the confidence of my family these many years, to desert the standard when the first fight threatens. Mr. Allan, I beg you will make ready whatever account you have against me, and make a full return of all papers and documents. I shall transfer my business to another firm. Mr. Allan, good-mountage."

And Bertrand walked indignantly out of the office, while the lawyer watched him with reddening cheeks and kindling eyes; then, when he was out of sight, his anger

found vent:

"Take your business wherever you please, but remember you have bearded the lion in his den! You may have hated her, but I loved her. You may seek to cover the guilt of the girl who took her precious life, but it shall be my task to convict her before the world! Urged on by love and hate—most potent powers that sway the heart of man, I shall succeed! I have thwarted you before to-day, Bertrand Haighte, for my darling's sake! I shall thwart you again for it!"

He gathered up the business documents of Bertrand's, and summoned his confidential messenger to take the first train for The

Then he donned his hat; called a carriage, and drove straight to Mrs, St. Havens'.

When he re-entered the carriage that had vaited over three hours, his face betokened his triumph.
"I shall succeed in avenging my Undine's

death! And now to work, earnest work!"

It had been no difficult matter for Bertrand to secure the services of the world-famed firm of Trask & Trask; and although he had at first thought there possibly might be some way of escape for Crystal became for crystal became for the property of the moment he left. el, he was convinced the moment he left

tel, he was convinced the moment he left Lawyer Allan that an action would be brought against Crystel for the charge of murder, preferred by Mrs. St. Havens.

It was a week before it was done; a week of such agony at Edenwilde as few of earth's children are called to endure.

And then it came; for all it had been feared and expected, it fell like a thunderbolt, when, with all due formality, yet respectful mien, the officer of the law rode out to Edenwilde in his close carriage, attended

spectru men, the omcer of the law rode out to Edenwilde in his close carriage, attended by his deputies, to arrest Crystel Roscoe!

In all the pitiful loveliness of her striking girlhood, she was taken to the city; by her side, more tender and loving than her wont, the faithful sister remained, while General Roscoe and Bertrand followed in their car-

All these past days Crystel had lived in a sort of a pathetic stupor; she had not seemed to be conscious of her danger; she was not at all alarmed or worried; simply calmly indifferent. She knew she was suspected of the most horrible crime that can be mentioned, and yet she was not moved thereby.
"Why should I weep as you do? I am innocent, and why should I suffer? Only

or you and papa, and poor dear Bertrand!" Then her lips would quiver, but she would bravely smile in her sister's heart-broken

In all her fair, delicate beauty she faced the surging sea of eyes that filled the court-room; her sweet face, more girlish than ever since the agony that had paled it, her tender, wistful eyes, her red, trembling lips and flushed cheeks were stronger proofs of her innocence to many a keen-eyed man than all the array of evidence against her.

We need not weary the reader with a detailed account of that long, tedious week of tened account of that long, tednous week of keenest, intensest suspense; when the flat-tering hopes, the blighted fears first highten-ed, then depressed their spirits; how, when the nights came, and they took the prisoner to her cell, she and Hellice wept in each other's arms, while the lover and the father paced the long corridor in distracted anguish

the long corridor in distracted anguish.

Every effort had been made to have her conveyed to a hotel at night; bail for her appearance had been instantly offered to the extent of a half-million dollars; but it was not accepted. The offense was a capital one, and to the common cell, under the roof

with common felons, Crystel had to go.

The warder's wife had done all she could for the poor girl's comfort, and it was almost touching to see the attempts she had made to hide the staring prison-look of the dingy rooms. A strip of gay Turkey rug was spread on the floor, white sheets and a ace-edged pillow-case were on the cot; a ittle curtain was hung to hide the iron bars of the window, and two cushioned rocking-

chairs had been brought in. Day after day the sisters took their seats and listened while it was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the knife was Crystel's very own; it was shown how she had visited New York on the fatal day; how she had seemed agitated and nervous both

going and coming on the trains.

Lawyer Allan, in all the glee of his devilish triumph, said he was prepared to prove, as a final evidence, that the prisoner had been heard to declare, in the presence of important witnesses, that she would find a way from onlying decessed from her path, or Mr. f removing deceased from her path, or Mr. Haighte's, which was pretty much the same. Murmurs of horror and indignation arose from various parts of the room, and Bertrand sprung to his feet in insulted wrath.

Then remembering himself, he sunk down

in his chair again.
"Annette Willoughby, you will now state, on your oath, what you heard the prisoner repeat to Mr. Bertrand Haighte and Mr. Clifford Temple, in the presence of her sister, Miss Hellice Roscoe."

Every ear was strained, and a silence like death reigned. The persons mentioned were astonished at the lawyer's words, and awaited with ready, indignant denials, know ing full well that Crystel had never used such manner of language. A low cry wounded pride came from the lips of the family when they saw this woman, one who had slept under their roof and eaten at their

table, ascend to the witness-stand. In a cold, heartless voice, the woman told

Bertrand Haighte, almost beside himself great deal about the romantic affair that orwith grief and horror, had instantly gone down to Lawyer Allan; and in blissful ig-the voice of the bride-elect fell on her ears, in the prow of the canoe, with his paws resting upon the gunwale in his old-fash-ioned manner, was all vigilance and watchnorance of the perfidy and deceit of his trust-lashe instinctively listened, with a sort of fulness.

curious awe, and she heard the prisoner say "'Undine Del Rose dure not cross his path again! Let her but attempt it, and I will find a way to remove her." Then they laughed, and she went on: she'd never 'a' thought of it again, if it hadn't struck her all of a sudden that it was her duty.

The lawyer glanced triumphantly at Bertrand.

Pale as ashes, his eyes glittering, he was staring at Crystel; Hellice's face was buried in her hands, and Mr. Temple was biting his lips and looking bitterly at the woman. Crystel's tears burst forth, for the first time during that long, long time of excite-

"I charge you, on the Holy Evangel of God, to say if this be true, Bertrand Haighte."
He arose, with his anguish in his face.
"May God in heaven succor her, and forgive these lips that criminate her: it is true. "And your oath, sir?"

He turned to Clifford. "It is true," he repeated.
"Miss Hellice?"

"She never meant it when she said it-never!"

never!"
Then Crystel stood up, pale and calm.
"I know I said it; but why those innocent, loving words should condemn me, God only knows. I do not."
Then she resumed her seat.
The jury went out; they came in; and—we spare the sickening details—Crystel Roscoe was found guilty, and remanded to her cell! And Annette Willoughby went away with a horrible smile on her pale lips, and a light in her eyes that seemed a flash of some olden-time brilliance!

olden-time brilliance!
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 53.)

The Blackfoot Queen:

OLD NICK WHIFFLES IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

A Sequel to "The Phantom Princess." BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS, AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER."

CHAPTER XVI-CONTINUED. NED MACKINTOSH was prudent enough, when he left the camp with Miona, to take a very different direction from that which led toward his destination. When assured that he was beyond sight, he turned off sharply to the right, and made all haste toward the ridges which for so long a time seemed to have shut them in.

Whiffles was confident that they had traveled a goodly distance by this time, for both of them were too wise to permit any thing—not absolutely beyond their control—to prevent their making all haste out of what they might properly view as a literal Valley of Death Valley of Death.

So the trapper did not bother to look to the right or left, but kept straight on toward the mountain, intent only upon reaching it, as close in the rear of his friends as

He knew the Blackfeet were swarming through the valley, searching up and down and in every direction for their prey, and, as he had remarked to his friends, this persistent pursuit would be kept up so long as there was the least prospect of success

The ground was very rough and uneven, and the wood became more open as he advanced; but he and his dog bounded forward like a couple of chamoises, scarcely heeding the obstructions any more than those animals.

Once over the ridge and into the stream that flowed northward, with his faithful paddle in his hand, he would fear no pursuit from his foes. A day or two would carry him beyond the Blackfoot country, into a territory where they would be sure of meeting friends, and where all danger of Miona's recapture would be ended.

Filled with these cheering thoughts, Nick pressed forward and soon found himself ascending the slope toward which his eyes had been turned so longingly for a day or

On, up he climbed, until at last he reached the culminating point. Here in the pale moonlight he cast his eyes anxiously down the other slope. He could just discern the course of the stream, along whose banks, somewhere near at hand, lay the canoe, which he had used several months before in making the same journey.

The descent upon the other side was much more abrupt, and in a short time Nick Whiffles was at the bottom. Then a few hundred yards further, he stood upon the neck bank of the stream.

Just then a footstep struck his ear, and turning his head, Ned Mackintosh stood before him. Nick impulsively caught his Where's the gal?"

"She is all right," laughed Ned, at his eagerness, and while he spoke Miona came smilingly forward and joined them.

"Didn't you have any trouble?"

"None at all," replied Ned. "As soon as we got fairly away from the camp-fire, we struck a bee-line for the ridge, and never stopped till we reached this point, where we awaited your coming. We haven't seen an activity to the reached the seen and count considers. Indian on the way, and count ourselves very fortunate.

very fortunate."

"You are indeed, by mighty if you ain't."

"Are we not out of all danger?" asked Miona, with glowing face.

"We ain't yet, but we soon will be, if good luck follers us. These varmints ain't goin't fur off."

That canoe of mine sin't fur off."

The search was begun, and in a few minutes ended in discovering the little boat stowed away under a clump of heavy bushes. It was placed in the water, and the three

took their seats, just as the ears of all heard that same ominous, dreaded tremolo whistle of the Blackfeet startlingly near them. Nick muttered an expression of impa-There the varmints are ag'in, by migh-

CHAPTER XVII. JOURNEYING TO THE HAPPY LAND.

THE fugitives, including Calamity, were seated in the canoe, and Nick Whiffles was holding the paddle in his hand, when the well-known whistle of the Blackfeet was heard. The worst of it was that it sounded down-stream, so that it looked as if they

would be compelled to run a gantlet.

Dipping the paddle softly into the stream, he began cautiously moving with the current, listening and watching, while Calamity

All the wonderful skill of Whiffles and his dog were now called into exercise, and he warned the lovers not to attempt to move

or to speak even in a whisper.

The moon, faint though it was, was against them, for the owl eyes of the redskins would be on the alert, and a little inadvertency at such a time would prove fatal. Nick kept as close under shore as possible, and moving with a tardiness that at times made his progress less than that of at times made his progress less than that of the current itself.

Something less than a quarter of a mile was passed in this manner, when the same whistle reached their ears again. This time it came from a point directly below them, and was instantly answered from a point

At the same moment, Calamity gave utterance to his warning whine. At that time they were in the shadow of the shore, and close to a sort of tiny bay, about a rod in depth. Into this Nick instantly sent the canoe, for the time had come when a halt

Nick was quite confident that the canoe was not seen by the Blackfeet as yet. Red Bear had been wise enough to know the point aimed at by the fugitives, and upon being freed from his durance at the camp-

being freed from his diffance at the camp-fire, had summoned his warriors and started upon a fierce and immediate pursuit.

In the deep shadows of the cove, over-hung by dense shrubbery, the darkness was impenetrable. The occupants of the canoe could look out on the creek and see the surface of the water reflecting the pale moon-light, but when they withdrew their gaze

light, but when they withdrew their gaze they could not see each other's faces.

Scarcely five minutes had passed when the soft rustling of a stealthily-moving Indian was heard. It was a familiar sound to Nick; he had heard it many a time in years past, and he could not be deceived. The red-skins were searching for them. The trapper knew, from the peculiar sound, that the red-skin had parted the bushes within his refer of the canon, and was prering into

six feet of the canoe, and was peering into the gloom in search of them.

It was a trying ordeal, where men, woman, and dog knew that their lives depended upon absolute, utter silence, but all stood it well. Like so many statues carved in terms there are motivaless, speechless, and stone, they sat, motionless, speechless, and almost breathless.

For two minutes the Blackfoot waited and listened, and then withdrew, and in the same stealthy, cat-like manner continued his search along the banks above them.

This Indian had not been gone long enough for the whites to dare to attempt to breathe freely, when a second enemy put in

an appearance.

A slight rippling of the water caused all to turn their gaze toward the creek; they saw a dark, round body floating upon the surface, which they instantly recognized as the head of an Indian, who was swimming in the deep water. in the deep water.

Nick Whiffles, with the instinctive sage

city that distinguished him, made up his mind that discovery was inevitable, and he grasped the buck-horn handle of his knife Swimming against the current, the savage moved very slowly, so as to make his search as thorough as possible, and doubtless his black eyes were scrutinizing the dark shore,

on the alert for the first indication of a hid-ing-place of his victims. Curiously enough, the Indian swam on by

Curiously enough, the Indian swam on by the cove, and had nearly passed out of the range of vision, when he seemed to suddenly discover his oversight, and turning back, swam directly into the opening.

The water was so deep that he continued swimming even when abreast of the canoe, and within an arm's length of the shore. He was groping about with his hand, to make certain of not missing any thing within, and began at the upper side of the half-circle, made by the indentations, and pro-

ceeded to make the circuit of the cove Such a search could not fail to be effectual, and, as he came around where the boat lay, his hand touched the gunwale, and he slid it rapidly along, with the instant conviction that he had discovered his

"Hooh!" he exclaimed, as he reached his arm further over.

But, just then, something was placed upon his shoulder which quietly but power-fully forced him under the surface of the

water and held him there. It was the iron grip of Nick Whiffles that forced him under, and against which he was powerless to resist.

The Indian struggled fiercely, and in doing so, Nick felt an ornament around his

It was an ornament so peculiar in its construction, that he recognized the wearer at once as Red Bear.

A thrill of amazement ran through the

hunter at the discovery, for it seemed as if the young chief was doomed to haunt

Lean t'other way, quick, or the boat will set," said Nick, as he braced himself in the canoe. His command was obeyed, and calling into play his immense strength, he drew the limp, almost lifeless body into the boat, de-

positing it at his own feet. There was a gasp and a struggle, and, as Red Bear gain-ed command of himself, Nick spoke hurriedly in the Blackfoot tongue.

"Don't stir or speak, or I'll drive my knife through you!"

The Indian did not move, and but for his hurried breathing, the lovers would have be-

Ned Mackintosh felt that it was mis

placed mercy to spare this treacherous red-skin, and he was impatient that Nick should have drawn him into the boat out of danger; but there was no gainsaying the trapper, who certainly was entitled to have his

way.

For half an hour they remained in this cove, at the end of which time, Nick felt satisfied that the Blackfeet were all up the stream out of their way, and consequently the coast was clear.

Once more he dipped his paddle beneath the surface, and began cautiously floating down the current, still keeping close to the bank, and moving with the same care that had distinguished his actions from the

the stream, where advantage could be taken of the current. The hours of darkness were improved, and the toughened old trapper plied his oar with

ceaseless energy.

The night wore on, and mile after mile was placed behind them. When the gray light of morning broke over wood and stream, all were asleep excepting Nick Whiffles.

When the forenoon was well advanced, the creek was found to open into the south

branch of the Saskatchewan.

Here, for the first time, Nick turned the

Here, for the first time, Nick turned the boat ashore, touching the beach very lightly, but with sufficient force to awaken Red Bear, who came to the upright position and looked wonderingly about him.

"Red Bear," said Nick, "this is the second time you've been in my power, since yesterday's sun went down. Just as you was drownin' I found it was you; I hauled you out, and saved you. You are in my power now, and though I say it myself there ain't many that would be as merciful to you as I am. But, you're an Injin and I'm a white man, and your ways and mine ain't the same. I've took your weapons away from you, 'cause I can't trust you; and I've carried you so far away from your warriors carried you so far away from your warriors that there ain't any more reason to fear 'em. You kin now step ashore and go back to your village, with the good-by of Miona Mackintosh and Nick Whiffles."

The Indian stepped sullenly out, and as his feet touched the ground again, he looked back for a moment, and then turning about, vanished in the wood.

The next instant the canoe was under way down the South Branch. When the lovers opened their eyes, and saw him gone, the trapper told them that he had left, and there was no more need of thinking further of

Near noon the entire party landed, and a fire was kindled, while Nick and Calamity went in search of game. It was easily procured, and he prepared one of the best meals that they had ever eaten. Then they had a long rest, after which they re-entered their canoe, and continued their leisurely way down the South Branch until night closed about them. A camp was made, and with Calamity as their sentinel, the entire party secured a long night of slumber and free-

dom from fear. The river was followed until its most northern point was reached, when the canoe was left on the beach, and they made the journey on foot across the country to the Churchill river, where they procured a canoe from the Indians, and when they disembarked again, it was at their destination, FORT CHURCHILL.

Here Miona joined her mother and father, whose joy at the restoration of their long-lost daughter I leave to the imagination of

my readers.

Nick Whiffles was looked upon as the hero he really was. He at first refused the rewards that were pressed upon him, but, more to gratify the donors than himself, he accepted a couple of splendid rifles, two magnificent silver-mounted revolvers, and a number of knives. Besides this, Ned succeeded in inducing him to take a peckage ceeded in inducing him to take a package, with the promise not to open it until after their departure. In this parcel was a pho-tograph of the giver, and underneath it a roll of bills amounting to two hundred

Nick remained at the fort several days, but finally bade all farewell and started southward on his return, with Calamity, to join Firebug, and to resume his wild, lonely life in the solitudes of North America.

A week later, the homeward bound vessel "Victoria" sailed up through Hudson's Bay, out through the straits, into the stormy Atlantic, and on across the ocean toward London. Among her passengers were Bandman and his wife and daughter—the child of the woods—the betrothed of Ned Mackintosh, who, the happiest of the happy, was one of that vessel's precious company in its homeward flight over the sea. THE END.

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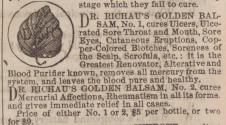
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Red Bear lay motionless in the botton of the canoe. Faster and faster rowed the boat, until gradually it neared the center of the canoe. Faster and faster rowed the boat, until gradually it neared the center of the content of the canoe. Faster and faster rowed the boat, until gradually it neared the center of the canoe. Faster and faster rowed the boat, until gradually it neared the center of the canoe. Faster and faster rowed the boat, until gradually it neared the center of the canoe. DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN ELIXIR D'AMOUR, a radical cure for Nervous or General Disc.

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Mr. Morris' New Story.

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The rich merchant of Philadelphia; his guest, an English noble, of dark heart and treacherous nature, whose love for the beautiful daughter of the mer chant leads to all this strange tissue of events; the physician once trusted but false to his friend who becomes leagued to the powerful marplot in his scheme of wrong and violence; the loving and beloved suitor of the daughter, the humble clerk; the cemetery-keeper and sexton whose wonderful Dream Book reveals most extraordinary circumstances, and makes one laugh even over serious things; the exbull-fighter and Spanish ruffian, the tool of the noble and the terror of the London Police; the bull-fighter's female companion, the fierce old hag and the creature strangely connected with the leading actors in the drama-all are so truly drawn that they fairly stand out from the exciting drama, as life-photo-

The story is pervaded by a mystery of birth, relationship and fact that is only solved at the close, and which gives to the entire work an interest as weird and enticing as that which pervades Wilkie Collins' Woman in White,"

Altogether, it is a serial of uncommon strength and one which will prove to readers the virtue there is in our younger race of writers, who, leaving beaten

Foolscap Papers.

Well Educated.

THE value of a superior education can not be sneered at; indeed, it will bring more than two-thirds of its appraisement in any market. I speak from actual experience, for I must admit that I am versed in all modern and ancient lore, including Geometry, Brick-laying, Physiology, Saw filing, Algebra, Soap-making, Astronomy Well-digging, Arithmetic, Blacksmithing Rhetoric, Buy-on-tick, Geography, Sawlo graphy, and so on infinitum bum squintum

When I was twenty-seven, the Oxville College wanted a professor in the Exotic and Idiotic Idiom department, and as I felt that I was fully capable of filling that important chair, I presented myself before the Board, passed a creditable examination, got my di ploma, written on a drum-head, and took the chair, which I held for several years,

with great applause. For the benefit of future candidates submit the form of my examination, as copied at the time into the college register by a short reporter of hand:

What is Geography? Whitehorn. A description of the searth's erface, and the happy faculty some wives possess of knowing where their husbands

are when they are out.

B. Bound the United States? W. The United States can not be bound

What is the principal tropic?

The tropic of Cancercorn.
What is the distance round the earth? Twenty-five thousand miles, or some-

body lies. B. W. W. Ir Where does the most land abound? In some of our western cities.
Where is the most water?

I find the most water is in my break-B. What are the principal religions in Jew, Gentile, and Democratic

Whose geography did you study? Webster's unabridged. What is grammar? The art of persuading your wife out of getting a new dress, in such pure lan-guage as will not give offense.

B. Parse man?
W. Man is a compound flattery-fed irregular noun, of the plural gender, first num-

ber, potential case, interrogative person, agreeing with something good to eat.

B. How many parts of speech are there? W. First part, last part, and the inter-

B. Did you ever go clear through gram-Yes, with a knife.

What is arithmetic? W. The science of computing how much money you haven't got, and how much more

What is multiplication? A short method of addition. What is addition?

A long method of multiplication. Well, what are both?

What is the best way to teach arithmetic?

With a switch. How did you learn arithmetic? W. In trying to keep account of my board-bill, which I couldn't.

What is algebra? A bore.

Do you ever drink? Only on certain occasions, and this is one of them. Can you write?

Somewhatly. What script do you use?

County scrip.
What makes a steady hand?
Good wages and little work. What is the German text?
"Swei glass of lager before you rise

makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.' B. Do you use tobacco?
W. Only when I am smoking and chew

B. Can you spell?
W. Never had any occasion to spell; always considered it an unnecessary accom-

plishment. Can you read Latin?
Decidedly.
Do you understand what it means?

W. Never thought it had any meaning at all. Never could find any of the words in the dictionary. Thought it was all fun. B. What do you believe in?

Every thing that lies in the bonds of What sized paper-collar do you wear? Fourteen and a half.

Are you deeply read in the Bible? About thirteen pages deep. What number is your boots? Nine and a half.

Do you believe in corporal punish ment?

Never. I was once a boy myself. Are you married, and why?
Not by several degrees. Do you like beer very much?
About seven times a day.
Do you like teaching as a vocation?
I always considered it a pro-voca-

B. W. B. What is your age?
W. Twenty-seven. Would have been older, but was delayed several years just before I was twenty-one, on account of militia-law and the poll-tax; besides I had the

The following letter of recommendation was given and accepted:

"To anybody whom it may concern:
Know all men (ladies included) by these presents, that the underscored fully concurrently that the underscored fully concurrently the control of the in the character of the bearer. He bears as good a name as anybody else, we think, (Whitehorn), and nobody can say anything about him without substantial reasons. We deem him capable of filling any position that he can ador.

JAMES SNOOKS,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

There are two ways of persecuting a rival. First, by telling false stories about him; and second, by

The Golden Rule.

withholding the truth. In society, the persons who do these things are regarded as dangerous, even by their professed friends, and are always distrusted after their real motive is discovered to be one of spite and fear of

But, how small is the wrong done by a single person as compared to a paper of large circulation which attempts an injury by a use of the same

The political press of the day says harsh and libelous things of its rivals and opponents; and hence, in the minds of all decent persons, politics is viewed as a disgraced profession.

But when, without the excuse of a political adversary, a professedly literary journal adopts the politician's course of injuring a successful contestant for popular favor, it can find but little excuse, in the opinion of any right-minded person.

In the opinion of such persons, that cause is weak

which must be sustained by detraction and misre presentation. Dignity, self-respect and honor are all far better conserved in a competition for popular favor, by a

use of legitimate means of success than by a resort

to the mask of the traducer.

SANTO DOMINGO.

IT is the duty of every good citizen to take an interest in the government under which he lives." Having read these words, the idea immediately occurred to us, that we had not taken such an interest; but, feeling the truth of the above statement, we immediately resolved to post ourselves upon the affairs of the nation. In our usual scanning of the morning, evening and Sunday dailies, we had always skipped the columns devoted to politics; now we saw the error of our ways.

So, on the morning after forming this resolution, when we sat down to our morning meal, we took the daily paper in hand.

The rich aroma of the strong coffee floated like holy incense on the air: the warm rolls

fresh from the baptism of fire—the golden butter— Oh! sweet memory of country hill and dale, lake and trout-brook sweeping over us in dingy New York on this wet March morning; the tender ham, red as the blush of love on a fair maiden's cheek; the fresh eggs, warranted by our corner groceryman as being very fresh indeed; all these wooing us tenderly, though in silence, and bringing to our soul the sweet balm, contentment. We opened the damp newspaper and,

while discussing the good things before us, plunged into the political situation.

"Santo Domingo" met our eyes in bold capitals. We put on our thinking-cap and remember. St. Domingo, a good-sized island, off our southern coast, one of the group known as the "Great Antilles."

What we chiefly remember of St. Domingo is, that during the French Revolution, which gave the head of the Bourbon to the guillotine and the tri-color to the world, in the island of St. Domingo, in far-off seas, then belonging to France, the Royalists and Re-publicans butchered each other, precisely the same as they did in the streets of Paris. The Republicans conquered, simply because they freed the slaves and armed them in their service. History but repeats itself. We did the same thing during the rebellion.

Then, like a meteor across the sky of our memory, flashes the name of Toussaint I'll warrant he has the headache sometimes,

L'Ouverture, the insurgent chief; the black rowerture, the insurgent chief; the black warrior that defied the mighty power of France, and with his undisciplined followers, hardly better than a half-armed mob, trailed the banner of the best of the great Napoleon's Generals in the dust, and who was subdued only by one of the basest acts

was subdued only by one of the basest acts of treachery that stains the page of history. We read the article on St. Domingo over carefully. It told of a beautiful island, a slumbering garden of flowers, nestled amid the rippling waves of a southern sea. The banana, the orange, and other rich and rare children of southern soil, where the sun shipes more wooingly than in our fierce shines more wooingly than in our fierce northern clime, perfume the air. The low music of the tom-toms, mingles with the sweet warblings of the gay denizens of the tropical forest, and the joyous laughter of the happy blacks, the favored children of this favored isle.

We read on, and a learned doctor assured us that Santo Domingo is an earthly para-

We are satisfied. St. Domingo is a good thing to have in the family. Our Government should—to use the classic expression

ment should—to use the classic expression from the Pacific coast—go for it.

At our office, down town, we find another morning journal. Another article, headed "Santo Domingo," attracts our attention. We read. Oh, horror! It pronounced Santo Domingo a humbug; talks shrewdly of "corner-lots," "rings," and like devices, dear to the souls of speculating politicians. The happy natives are a lot of wretched savages. Venomed reptiles lie in wait among the heautiful flowers, and poisonous vapors. the beautiful flowers, and poisonous vapors float on the air. And, worse and worse, it says that the reverend doctor who wrote says that the reverend doctor who wrote such a glowing description of the isle was never there, but writes only from hearsay. Now, what is a man to do who seeks for information? Does our President want the isle, or don't he? Is Santo Domingo a paradise or a purgatory? Is there a political journal in the country that tells the truth about the other side? We pause for a reply.

Our Funny Men.

The N. Y. Tribune, a few days since, adverted to the growing strength of our humorous and comic literature—mentioning several well-known writers of humor, but omitting "Josh Billings," "Fat Contributor," "Beat Time," "McArone," etc.

This reminds us of a late "circumstance." A new-blown aristocrat on "the avenue," having made a strike on pork and whisky, bought a big brownstone front and resolved on a grand party. Every preparation was made, and the list of invited guests made out, subject to revisal by Mr. and Mrs. Swinetonby and daughter, aged twenty-six. To each guest some objection of humble origin, lack of position, want of style, deficiency of income, absence of footman to carriage, want of ton in their locality of residence, etc., etc., was urged; until name after name was stricken off, and only one old army officer, with a constant frog in his throat, was left. So the party was given, and the one guest was received with all state; and the "society journals" of the next day announced it as the most select affair of the season thus permanently establishing the Swinetonbys

ing the "exclusives." The Tribune is oracular-sometimes; but, we suggest that, when it comes to wit and humor, its views through an eyeglass and side whiskers can be enlarged immeasurably by studying Josh Billings' wise saws, Beat Time's laughable philosophy, Whitehorn's mendacious opinion of Society and Law, and Fat Contributor's inimitably unctuous Sermons on Men and Other Things.

YES, SIR.

Do I think it ridiculous for the male portion of humanity to talk about our sex's exravagance in dress when the ly wasteful upon their own? Yes, sir, I do, and I think it a shame for them to rail at us poor women for doing what they themselves censure. Supposing we desire a real piece of Mechlin lace, and fret a little because we can't get it, and we won't put up with an imitation, don't I know that gentle-men will go miles to procure a "shoo fly," bow, or a "Nillson" cravat. Yes, sir! And when they'll give up their little vani-

ties, we will ours. Do I think it would be as well to let the dead authors rest in their graves, and not for persons to act in a ghoul-like manner by dragging them before the public gaze? Yes, sir, I do. Who cares at this late day whether Byron was all he should be? Evil enough has been said of him, and those who have never thought ill of him will not be enefited by calumnies brought against

Poor Charles Dickens was scarcely cold in his coffin ere some men, who pro-fessed to wear God's cloth, assailed him. and pronounced his books immoral. not Dickens obey a command of One far more merciful than the clods of this earth, when he "loved his neighbor as himself?" I suppose if Charles Dickens had bestowed some thousands upon the mawworms they would have made him out to be the veriest saint, even had he been the vilest of the vile, which, thank Heaven, he was not. Dickens a hurtful author? Shame!

Do I think the man who refused to per-form the funeral services over one of his fellow-men, simply because he was an actor, unfit to tell another of his Christian duties: Yes, sir, I do. What are we all but actors and actresses in the great theater of life? Ah! too many of us play the part of a hypocrite—have we not an example in the foregoing? Supposing a minister died in poverty, would not the actor do his part toward giving him a decent burial? Yes, sir, he would. The Master took the adulteress by the hand, and yet, he who called himself a "follower of the Lord" refused to be at an actor's funeral! Alas for poor, mean human

Do I believe in people being consistent? Yes, sir, I do! And I think it the hight of the ridiculous to cry down the papers simply because they contain "fiction." If they think so much of these true tales, let them get the "Criminal Calendar" and revel in the carnival of blood, because they are truthful tales. Yes, sir, and I have known people to tear the covers off a novel simply because it was a novel, but for all that they read the book with great gusto. "Consistency thou art a jewel," and so scarce a one is it now, that it would be a diamond of the first water.

Do I imagine a man or woman can act like other human beings because they are authors or poets? Yes, sir; some silly individuals seem to imagine that a person of literary talents must look and act like an entirely different personage. I wonder if they think Beat Time does nothing but laugh and joke all the time; merely because

and feels like crying; don't you, Mrs.

Do I think there is as much Christianity in saying a kind word as in doing a great deed? Yes, sir. And I had as lief have a person say to me, "Are you tired, Eve?" as to bring the sofa for me to repose on, that is, if the words were spoken in a compassionate manner. Do let us all exercise this spirit of kindness.

What a simple thing is a loving word From a friend we hold most dear; What an endless joy 'tis sure to bring If we know it to be sincere.''

"You may ask me, 'whether I practice as well
As preach these things to you?'
If you asked if I tried, I'd answer thus,
Yes, sir, of course I do."

EVE LAWLESS.

CRITICAL.

A writer in a certain weekly makes out A writer in a certain weekly makes out a very flagrant case against women in a "certain kind of home," finding them guilty of heaping coals of fire on the heads of their husbands, it being done by an "excessive and exaggerated patience during a long and after a temporary attack of ill-temper on the husband's part, and by an unrelenting obedience to his slightest wishes if they have been netulantly expressed"

been petulantly expressed." It is a man writing, and he speaks for men solely, saying nothing about the coal-heaping that may be done by the masculine. That is all well enough—I don't know that men are much given to heaping coals of fire on offending heads by way of revenge—but, I think that a rather selfish and tyrannical spirit breathes in some lines of the article in question. The writer complains that a woman will pay an "exaggerated attention to your hasty words"—"your" in this connec-tion, meaning any "lord of creation"—and mentions as an instance that "you have found fault with your wife, or housekeeper, for something that has gone wrong in her special department," and that in revenge she "makes the reform unreasonable," and

she "makes the reform unreasonable," and punishes you by its excess.

That may be true; but, why "find fault?" If every man who "finds fault" with his wife because she allows the housekeeping bills to assume large proportions, would attempt to hold the reins of the domestic government himself, and buy every thing, he might find that he would not do so very much more economically than his wife does much more economically than his wife does. It is not pleasant to be dependent on somebody for money, and then, when you have expended it according to your best judg-ment, to be found fault with concerning it. If every man who has only to put his hand in his pocket when he wants money, could, even in imagination, place himself in a position where, if he wanted money, no matter how small the amount, he must ask some one to let him have it, he would be more considerate. But, men hold the purse, and deal out the money to their wives as parents would to their children, and exact a strict account of where every nearly copy. account of where every penny goes to. In thinking of it I cease to wonder that so many women are extremists in these days.

many women are extremists in these days.

The author also speaks of "women heaping coals of fire by pretending to be afraid of their husbands." I don't believe it! Slavery is not so pleasant that any woman would affect to be in it, if not really there. Look closely, sir, and see if you really do not act in such a manner that she is afraid

Again, the author says:—"You are reasonably fond of your children, but you don't think it hurts them to be snubbed if they are troublesome, and put in their proper place in the background."

Ah, sir, you are an ogre of whom their fear is not affected! Children have souls you never thought of that, did you? but imagined that souls only came to them when they had attained adult age—and they don't enjoy being snubbed any more than you do But, you think they are not hurt by it, and that their proper place is in the background—where I will wager your children stay!

Can you remember when you were a child? Did you like to feel down-trodden, and enjoy being snubbed? Did you like to be treated as if you had no feeling, and were a necessary evil, to be set out of the way as a chair would be? Or did you have a tender, sensitive soul, to be marred by "snubs," and warped by unkind treatment? Clothes and feed even to the order things that child and food are not the only things that children need. They require kindness, and love, and tenderness, and they don't want to be snubbed, nor be treated as though their feel-ings and wishes were of no importance if

they interfered with other people.

If you are "reasonably" fond of your children, as a Christian, you will treat them tenderly and kindly, and as if you realize that they are pure and priceless gems, intrusted to your care by God—yours for this life, to make or to rain. life, to make or to ruin.

LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

Carrier-Dove Missives.

A well-known writer in Baltimore, Md., says: "Relative to the SATURDAY JOURNAL, in addition to the fineness of its appearance and well-chosen matter—which my sister, mother and other lady relatives peruse with interest and without a blush—I can but indorse its own proud sentiments and feel honored by association with its able corps of authors."

Without a blush! Alas, that such a qualification must be made, but its force all will feel who are readers of many of the so-called "popular" papers.
Buckeye, a writer of great merit, and of unexceptionable taste, is constrained, in a recent note, to

Rather hard on our cotemporaries, and not quite

Another writer, of Chicago-a poet not without good promise - expresses his appreciation of our paper in the following terms:

"The change of your paper deserves praise. May the star of its success cast its sheen o'er the pathway of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. Its pathway is a bright one in our current literature, and will grow brighter as it grows older." A New York City journalist of well-known stand-

ing and long experience, says of us: "You seem to have hit the precise right tone, in your paper, and the manner in which you keep it up to its work is so admirable that it is evident a great success awaits you."

Thank you, sir. We have had so much experience

in catering for the Households of America that we did not have to experiment. We, too, had at command the particular writers to accomplish just the result attained. We long since learned that all the elements of a wide popularity are consistent with a literary completeness and excellence which, hitherto, have been regarded as adapted only to papers de signed for the "cultivated few." The reat body of the American people, and especially, the reat body of our young men and women, are most excellent judges of what is proper, original and thoroughly

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—To navailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS. postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book Ms., and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy;" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We can not write letters except in special cases.

Will use "The Castaways;" "Ida Searle's Fortune." Can not use "Huste to the Wedding:"
"O'Connel's Warning;" "A Long Look Ahead."
This latter is, first, an appropriated title—one of Dr. Roe's books is so named; and, second, it is almost wholly stolen from one of Marion Harland's novels in its incident. This filching of other people's ideas and inventions is shabby business, at best.—The poem, "The Secret," we suspect is in this category of appropriated property. If it is original it is very good, and we will use it if the author can give assurance of its originality with himself.—Emily Lawrence's Birthday Visitor," and "The German Count," are both correctly written but are diffuse in style and loosely hung together in story. Did the author ever read the little poem Boil it Down? MSS. returned. Try again, Miss P.—"A Night of Sorrow" we will defer for further consideration.—"The Masked Ball" is returned. It is very imperfect as a MS. Author should bear our injunctions in mind—never to write on both sides of the sheet. We return the MS.—Unavailable, "The Parson's First Ceremony;" "A Royal Feast:" "The Three Silver Crowns;" "A Peace Offering," Is the latter entirely your own, Miss P.?—The Ms., "Graceless Scamp," is hardly "the thing," for a paper so staid and real as the SATURDAY JOURNAL. Send if to the Independent or the Nation—either of which permit more latitude and longitude of expression than our selves.—The poem, "Hated Forever," is good in parts but unequal and unfinished. The author must study both the art of poetic composition and good models. Read Tennyson, Shelley and Keats, and avoid Browning as you would a Brahmin.—Miss Ellen C.'s MS. was some time since returned. Wry it was unavailable can't now say. The MS. inclosed, "Please Don't Forget," is not good enough, sorry to say. But, don't be discouraged, Miss. Every person now writing acceptably, had to make a beginning.

Letters addressed by us to Wm. A. Sigourney, 86 Hudson street, city, are returned, indorsed—"not

We never acknowledge receipt of MSS. The answer is indicated either by the return of the contribution, or notice in this column of its acceptance.

John G. Camp writes a long note—too long for what he has to say. But John forgets to say where he lives. Perhaps he thinks everybody knows, or ought to know him? We don't; nor, for the life of us, can we tell whether Clarendon is in England, America or Japan.

"Be good enough to let me hear of the fate of my story," writes Charles D. S., inclosing stamp for our use. Impossible to write to each anthor. What hours would we have for sleep if a general correspondence was superadded to our labors. "Look Within" for information is our injunction to all correspondents. Charles' MS. will receive due attention.

We have a very large number of MSS. on hand.

tion.

We have a very large number of MSS, on hand. They will "stock up" in spite of us. We reject many a fair sketch or story because of enough already on hand. But, we are happy always to see good things—real good things come in, for, for such there always is room.

Writers frequently ask: "what do you most want?" We are never averse to a good thing, as stated above. Our special want—if indeed such a want can exist in the midst of plenty—is in the line of curt, crisp, cutting essays on life, manners, people, morals, etc. A little line of such contributions from writers having a red pepper in their ink would not be amiss.

not be amiss.

Sopure H. writes to say that she "thinks our remarks about chignons and so forth uncalled for." Not at all, dear Miss H. They were all called for and paid for—price six cents each. The fact is, we like honest human hair—not that cut from corpses and horses' tails; we can't help crying "scat! you canny-ball!" when a pretty head goes by with a great hirsute wen on behind. Sell out, Sophie, soon, for the chignon is even now passe!

H. C. W., Sheldon, Vt., writes: "I wish to get every No, of the Saturday Journal from the first. Even one number is too precious to lose, and, although I take the N. Y. Ledger, N. Y. Weekly and several other weeklies, I consider yours the best." We supply all back numbers, the paper being electrotyped.

There comes to our rooms, on a sunny day, a

There comes to our rooms, on a sunny day, a mysterious box. "An infernal machine," suggests one, "No, a contribution," suggests the apprehensive editor. "A contribution? Heaven save us!" cries the reviser, with hair literally on end at thought of the work before him. "We'll soon see!" emphatically says the mail man, seizing mallet and chisel. He lifts the cover, and there lies the first installment of the contribution. It reads as follows:

Eve Lawless sends a little cake,
Which in this box you'll find;
Is it "accepted," for her sake,
Or must it be "declined!"

Eve Lawless.

What a sigh of relief from that assembled company! Not an infernal machine—not a MS., one thousand pages long; but a cake—a brick of maple sugar—genuine Maine precipitate! It was a sweet sell (a honey-bee cell, of course); but, what clse could we expect from Eve? We could but smile our thanks and eat!

could we expect from Eve? We could but smile our thanks and eat!

Agnes asks: "Who were the brothers Grimm?" Two German authors, best known to American readers by their charming fairy stories. Among the scholars of Germany there have been no greater names than those of Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm, brothers not far apart in the cradle, not far apart in death, who lived and worked together their full three-score years and ten. They lie now side by side in the Matthai Kirchhof at Berlin, in graves precisely similar, with a lovely rose-bush scattering petals impartially on the turt above both, and solid twin stones at their heads, meant to endure apparently as long as their fame. Hither come a large and various company of pilgrims—children who love the brothers Grimm for their fairy tales, young students who have been kindled by their example, and gray old scholars who respect their achievements as the most warvelous work of the marvelous German erudition.

E. F. T. asks: "Has Mr. Albert W. Aiken retired entirely from the dramatic stage?" No. Mr. Aiken will appear at Lina Edwin's Theater, New York in August, and afterward visit some of the principal cities. East and West, supported by his own company. The gentleman loves his art too well to for sake it.

History writes: "Why were the followers of

pany. The gentleman loves his art too well to for sake it.

History writes: "Why were the followers of Oliver Cromwell called roundheads?" Because they cropped their hair close to their heads. Their opponents, the wild and reckless Cavaliers, wore their hair in long curls, perfumed and anointed.

R. H. The order of Odd Fellows originated in Great Britain, about the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is a benefit society, having all the general characteristics of the class known as friendly societies, with some of the features, secrets and ceremonies of freemasonry ingrafted upon it.

MIDDLE VILLAGE writes: I have a favorite cat; my neighbor has some Brahma hens. My cat sometimes pays, visits to his yard. He has threatened openly to shoot my cat if he finds him upon the premises, as he claims that his chickens are in danger. What shall I do about it?" Visit your neighbor and talk the matter over with him in a categorical spirit. Cat-echise him and offer to pay for any chickens that your cat may consign to catastrophe mortuus. If you really wish to prevent the animal from committing depredations upon your neighbor's poultry, procure a dead chicken and tit to the cat's neck. Compel him to wear it for a day. It will completely destroy his desire for chicken flesh, so an old lady, who has great experience in the poultry line informs us, and we believe in old ladies. n old ladies.

A SPANISH GIRL asks concerning fans. A fan is a a very ancient apparatus, having been used by the ladies of Egypt and India as well as by those of modern times, for cooling the face by agitating the air. They were originally made of feathers bound together like the tail of a peacock when spread out. together like the tail of a peacock when spread out.

CURIOUS asks concerning the origin of "red herrings." After much research we have discovered it. In a "curious" old book, published in 1599, called the "Lenten Staffe," the author says: "The discovery of red herrings was owing to accident, by a fisherman having hung some up in his cabin, where, what with his firing and smoking, a smoky firing, in his narrow loby (house), his herrings, which were swhite as whalebone when he hung them up, now looked as led as a (boiled) lobster."

Pres Gold, fish were introduced from China in

PET. Gold-fish were introduced from China in 1691.

Enanswered questions on hand will appear





WHY NOT I?

RY HOPE ARDOR.

E'en the birds their sweethearts have,
Why not I? Why not I?
All the day they sing and sing,
While I only sigh.
Ah! if I could find a heart
True and good, true and good,
Gladly would I yield my own;
Yes, indeed, I would.

Shall I then a damsel live?
No, not I! No, not I!
Some one's loving heart to win
I shall surely try.
Firting very pleasant is,
Just for fun! Just for fun!
But its pleasures I'll resign
When a heart I've won. Well, tho' birds may mock me now Merrily, merrily, Somewhere in this world I know

Some one waits for me.
Yes, indeed! Yes, indeed!
Some one's heart will seek my own.
Sure I am, 'tis not my fate
Long to live alone.

A Jealous Woman's Work.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A TINY little ring of plain gold, with a glowing orange topaz set in the center; a letter, opened, lying beside it, addressed, in a chirography that indicated the noble character of him who indited it, to Miss Ida

Looking at the ring and letter, with un-speakable venom and wrath in her jet-black eyes, was a tall, handsome woman, with brilliant red lips and carmine cheeks; whose teeth gleamed in a strange smile as she lifted the ring and let it drop on the marble commode, listening to its clear, ringing sound. A handsome, jealous woman, whose name was Juno Burtleigh, and who loved the man whose letter to Ida Lovette lay be-

"Poor little fool!" she murmured to herself, taking up the note and glancing over it again.

"And to think Robert Storms will go past me, and offer her all his wealth and

Then, with frowning brow, she read over the lines designed for far different eyes.

the lines designed for far different eyes.

"My fairy Ida," it said, "I have resolved to tell you how I love you; I had thought to wait until the reception to-night, but am all impatient to know if you are as truly mine as I am yours? Can you love me, darling? Do you? And if I am thus favored, you will wear this ring to-night, so that the moment I see you I can tell my fate. If—my darling, you can never know how dreadful to me the alternative will be—if you don't want me, you need give me no answer beyond refusing to wear the love-token I send. I will strive to be a friend, if not a lover. if not a lover. "Your own, ROBERT S."

And that was the tender, loving letter Ida Lovette's heart would have almost broken to have received, so truly did she love Robert Storms; of whom she was thinking, up-stairs in her room directly over Juno Burtleigh's, and where she sat wondering if Mr. Storms would be at the minister's reception

Then Juno heard her sweet, bird-like voice soaring in song; some gay, blithe melody that indicated the joy of her pure, girlish heart.

And Juno Burtleigh, with a smile, threw the letter deliberately in the glowing grate, where it whirled a moment, then blazed out and floated slowly up-chimney im a wreath of white ashes.

So much for Cæsar's ignorance in permitting me to take the boarders' letters for distribution! I am in luck, and Ida Lovette will never be the wiser for it! Little flirt! I imagine Rob Storms will look in vain for this topaz ring to-night.

She carefully laid it in her portemonnaie, not daring to trust it out of her personal Then she dressed herself; and like a Jew-

ish princess she looked in her purple dress with its rich, heavy folds, and her rare, gold And, with a subdued laugh in her bright eyes, she walked down to the residence of

the minister. The pleasant parlors of the Rev. Dr.

Emerson were nicely filled when Ida Lovette and her parents came; Ida transcendently lovely in her blue silk dress and delicate lace trimmings. Standing near the staircase, where he

could plainly observe every person as they entered the parlors, was Robert Storms, an expectant light in his eyes, and his grave face wearing a brighter smile than usual.

Above, on the first landing, Juno Burtleigh's dark, witching face was bending over, watching him with well-concealed triumph; smiling when he saw the light flush to his eyes as Ida Lowette descended the stairs with her mother.

Laughing, all aflush in her fresh, maidenly beauty, Ida went down, directly past

"Mr. Storms, isn't this a beautiful evening?"
She gave him her little hands, warm, bare

A quick, awful shadow loomed up in his

eyes; then he bowed lowly, and Juno knew he was crushed by the blow she had dealt.

Ida went on into the parlor, with a disappointed pain in her heart, wondering why it was that Mr. Storms was so grave and

While Juno Burtleigh, watching Mr. Storms walk rapidly from the house with that gray shadow on his face, joined the groups below, and outshome them all with her piquant brilliancy.

A small back room, that commanded but a bird's-eye view of the sailing white clouds; rather cosily furnished, yet bearing unmistakable evidences of extreme prudence; and its only attraction a dark-hained, flashing-

Not the radiant, rare creature of other days was Juno Burtleigh, but broken by the five years of reverses, not less than by the inroads her own passionate temper had

She was earning her own living now; the dainty skill and taste she used once upon a time to highten her own attractions she was obliged now to turn to a more profitable use. So Juno Burtleigh made delicate bijouterie for a number of ladies, and among her cus-

tomers were—Mrs. Lovette and Ida! Ida was the same as ever; perhaps a trifle less merry than in the olden days; certainly very sweet and lovable; and, all unsuspecting, she was Juno's best friend. They often talked over old times; but Juno had time and again noticed how studiously Ida avoided the name of Robert Storms, and her heart misgave her when she saw what she had done.

At first she had thought to herself win Mr. Storms when Ida should have been supposed to reject him, and the thought lent courage to her heart; but since that night when she had seen him go out of the minister's house, neither she nor Ida, nor any one they knew, had seen or heard of him. And now, hundreds of miles away from the little country boarding-place, the two women had met in New York, little dreaming it would

eventually decide the destiny of one of them.

Little by little Juno failed, until, one day, when Ida went to her, she found her, flushed and trembling, essaying to sit in the great This will not do," and Ida, with firm

kindness, insisted on the sick girl's taking the lounge by the window. You must see a doctor-can not your landlady's boy run round to our physician's

office? Dr. Holmes, of the Avenue?"
Then, seeing the swoon that was surely creeping over Juno, Ida, in alarm, rung for the boy and dispatched him for the first doctor he could find.

It was probably a half-hour when he returned, accompanied by a physician—a grave, finely-formed man, whom Ida turned

"Why, Mr. Storms!"
His eyes suddenly lighted, then shadowed again as he extended his hand.

"Miss Ida—yet I hardly presume it is Miss' still." "Yes, I am Miss Lovette. And this is our friend, Miss Burtleigh, who is ill. So you are a doctor?"

"Yes," he returned, very quietly, as he took Juno's hand in his.

Then, after a few kindly, thoughtful words of encouragement and advice, he had them good morning.

"Dr. Storms," called Juno, in a fluttered sort of way, "I can never get well by your treatment, or through Ida's kindness, unless

Then, with her white, trembling fingers, she took the topaz ring from her pocket-book and gave it to Dr. Storms. He looked at her in a keen, troubled way; then at Ida, who was utterly at a loss to

comprehend it all. She never knew of it—it was my sin, my jealousy! I am so penitent—you will for-give me, both of you, and be happy yet?" Then, seeing the stern look on his face, a

new thought took possession of her, and she almost screamed out:

awkwardness. Why the deuce don't she come? The wind is confounded chilly." he listened attentively to their conversation. Then Montgomery again resumed his

A distant bell sounded on the still night air. Montgomery again examined his watch.
"Nine o'clock, exactly," he said. "Now, then, where is the White Witch?"

His gaze wandered up and down the street but no female form met his eyes. "By Jove!" he cried, suddenly; "suppose this should happen to turn out to be a hoax? I never thought of that before. It would be a delightful joke if I walked up

and down here for an hour or so and no one came. But, who would play such a jest on me? No, I must have patience. My mysterious Newport lady will probably appear And even as he spoke he caught sight of a female figure approaching on the Park sidewalk from the direction of Eight avenue.

"I wonder if that is she?" Montgomery muttered, as he stopped by the gate and watched the woman who was approaching

"No White Witch this time, however," mused Montgomery, as he noticed the dress of the woman.

A few minutes and the dark figure brush-

ed by the young man.

"Follow me!" she said, in a voice evidently disguised, as she passed by Montgomery. Then she went through the gate and entered the Park.

Montgomery obeyed the command, and followed in her footsteps. He had recognized the voice of the White Witch. As he followed her by the dim moonlight he was enabled to notice her carefully.

She was about the medium hight, and habited in a water-proof cloak, that reached to her ankles and completely hid the dress beneath from sight. The hood of the cloak was pulled over her head, and a thick green vail concealed her face from view.

She was completely disguised; and, if she had been Montgomery's most intimate acquaintance, she could safely have defied his Within the Park, the vailed woman took

the path leading to the left, straight down the slope, passed through the archway, and ascended the little hill beyond.

On the crest of the slope she halted, cast a quick glance around, as if to assure herself that there were no listeners by, and then she turned to Montgomery, who had fol-

lowed her without a word.

"You received my note?" the vailed woman said.
"Yes," Montgomery replied. "It was

hardly necessary to ask the question, for you see that I have kept the appointment."

"True; it is now some weeks since we met at Newport; do you remember my words?" said the woman, still striving to disguise her voice.

"Yes," replied Montgomery, and as he spoke, he was vainly trying to remember when and where he had heard the voice of the vailed woman before, for that it was familiar to him, he was sure.

Then, you have not forgotten the White Witch?"

No," Montgomery replied. "Have my words come true?" she asked.
"Now, if you are indeed a witch, you need not ask that question," Montgomery

"I see you still doubt my power." "I have not said so."

"Not in words, true; but the manner of your speech implies the doubt."
"You should be a witch, indeed, for you

guess my thoughts," Montgomery said.
"Now, I will answer the question that I asked. Some of my predictions have been

fulfilled; the others will be." "You are sure of it?" Montgomery

asked, gravely.

"As sure as that I stand here," replied
the White Witch, firmly. Montgomery was staggered by her man-

"You do not speak. I trust that you are

beginning to believe; would to Heaven that you would, and thus save yourself from the utter ruin that awaits you."
"Utter ruin!" exclaimed the young man,

in wonder.

"Yes, utter ruin!" repeated the woman, quickly. "I predicted on our first meeting that you would lose friends, wealth, and love. I put love last, as the loss of it inflicts more anguish than that of wealth and friends combined. A man will see his for-tune vanish with a smile, look calmly on the faithless friend's departure, and yet, the knowledge of the falsehood of the woman to whom he has given all the love in his nature, will tear his heart and make him loathe the world and all its creatures. You will not dispute the truth of my words, for your own heart tells you that they are not

"You know their names and yet will not reveal them to me?"
"I can not," again said the vailed woman, with anguish in her tones.
"Why not give me the reason for the re-

"I am bound by a promise. I have almost broken that promise by revealing to you the existence of the league."

"Who are you?" asked Montgomery, and any

'Do not ask me. I can not tell you that,

"You are not a stranger to me; I am sure of it. I will lift the vail from your face; then, I shall know you."

With uplifted hand, Montgomery advanced to the shrinking woman.

CHAPTER XXVIII. BEWARE!

The spy, concealed behind the bush, lifted

his head and peered through the foliage.

As he moved, a dried twig snapped beneath his hand. A smothered exclamation came from his lips; he feared discovery. But, the apprehension was uncalled for. Montgomery and the vailed woman were so occupied in their interview, that a much louder noise than the mere crackling of the twig beneath the hand of the spy upon their meeting, would not have attracted their no-

As Montgomery advanced with his hand raised as if by force to remove the vail that hid the features of the unknown, with a

quick movement she retreated from him.

With one hand she waved him back, while with the other she drew the vail down

closer over her face.
"No, no, Angus Montgomery, you will not do that," she murmured, still evidently

trying to disguise her voice as she had done throughout the interview.

"And why will I not?" demanded the young man, impatiently. "My losses have almost made me desperate. You have told me a strange—a wonderful story. How can I tell that you are my friend—you, who know so well the plans of enemies? Am I not rather justified in believing that you, too, are a foe?"
"No; if I am your enemy why should I

take the trouble to warn you?"
"So that I may know that it is mortals who are pushing me to the brink of ruin and not the decrees of fate. There is little

and not the decrees of rate. There is little satisfaction in striking a man unless he knows who gives the blow."

"Angus Montgomery, I protest to you by all that is good or holy in this world, that I am not an enemy—that is, I mean, that of my own free will I would rather die then were you even by a thought. I can than wrong you even by a thought. I can not tell you more of the Three than I have already told you, for were I to do so I should betray the person from whom I received my information. You will not take the vail from my face, I am sure; you will respect the wish I express to remain unknown."

"And why are you sure of that?" asked

the young man, pausing, irresolute.

"Because I know that Angus Montgom-

ery is a gentleman."

Montgomery bit his lip. The blow struck
home. He raised his hat politely, and bow-

ed.

"I thank you for the compliment," he said; "you are right. I will not attempt to penetrate your disguise. I will be content to know you only as the White Witch."

"I should not have trusted myself alone with you here at this hour if I had not known your character," she said, softly.

Again the voice sounded familiar to Montgomery, and he would have sworn that he

gomery, and he would have sworn that he had seen the mysterious woman when her face was not covered.

"Forgive my rudeness; but-pardon the question-do I not know you?" he said.

"Ah!" he cried, eagerly.
"I am the White Witch!" and she laugh-

ed low and merrily as she spoke. "Enough; I will not try to detect who you are," said Montgomery, baffled, "yet I am sure that you are well known to me, and by another name than the fanciful one that you have given yourself." "You are wrong; you do not know me," replied the vailed woman, quietly, a touch

of sadness in her voice. "It is the truth; and perhaps you will never know me.'

Montgomery was puzzled. He did not guess the double meaning in her words.

He forgot the old saying, that, "one never knows a woman until he has married

her "Heaven has ordained that for a brief time our lines of life shall run side by side; how soon they will separate, no one knows. I am trying to do you a service. It was for that that I sought you at the masquerade in Newport. I warned you of coming danger,

but my warning did not save you from it."

"It was impossible to guard against the blows even with your warning. But, why have you sought me now? Are there more evils to fall upon me?"

"Yes, all my predictions have not been fulfilled," the White Witch answered.
"True, my fortune isn't all lost, but there's precious little left," Montgomery said, dryly. "Your friend?"

"I have not yet proved him to be an ene-

"That proof will be presented to you be-fore the week is over," said the woman, quickly. Montgomery was astonished.

"From whom do you receive this infor-"I have already told you that to tell you

would betray the one from whom I do receive it," replied the woman. Montgomery felt that the affair was getting more and more mysterious.
"But, can you tell me one thing?"

"Ask; I will answer if I can," the vailed figure said. You told me at Newport that a certain lady would prove false to the vows that she had sworn to me," Montgomery said, with some little hesitation, for the subject was

painful to him even now. "Yes; were not my words true?"
"Too true," replied Montgomery, with a bitter accent. "What I would ask is: how

did you know—or guess—that she would prove false to me?" 'Shall I tell you frankly?"

"Even if it gives you pain?" "I can bear it; go on," Montgomery replied, firmly. Because she never loved you."

Montgomery, despite his self-control, winced at the words. It was not a pleasant thing to be told that the woman on whom he had lavished the purest and richest trea-



A JEALOUS WOMAN'S WORK

"Dr. Storms! it is not too late? You! Then he smiled so like the olden time and went over to Ida; and June hid her face and ears while the two explained the wide, wide breach.

"Juno, I never can be too good to you," Ida said, when her lover had gone, and she threw her arms around the girl's neck.

"I can not see how you can as much as forgive me. But you do, I know?" "Gladly; and only too content to accept this great, sudden joy at this hour."
So, all unconscious, Juno Burtleigh had brought together what her jealousy and wickedness had separated.

The White Witch: THE LEAGUE OF THREE.

A STRANGE STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE. BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "HEART OF FIRE," "WOLF DEMON, "SCARLET HAND," "ACE OF SPACES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WITCH APPEARS. THE hands of Montgomery's watch marked ten minutes to nine when he arrived at the Central Park gate on Fifty-ninth street,

at the head of Seventh avenue. A new moon, slowly rising in the dark skies, shed a dim light over the earth. The night air was chilly, and Montgomery drew his light overcoat closer around him

as he felt the cold fingers of the night "It is nearly time for my mysterious lady to come," he muttered, as he paced up and down before the gateway. "Who can it be that takes such an interest in my for-tunes? The knowledge that she possesses, too, seems marvelous. Why, the whole af-

fair is more like a romantic fiction or a wild dream than sober reality." Then a sudden thought occurred to Montcomery, and he paused in his walk and looked carefully around him.
"I wonder if the Englishman is here?" he

said, as he looked in vain for the figure of "I don't see him. He may be concealed the Park though. in the shrubbery inside the Park, though. Perhaps it is better for the success of our

"We are secure from observation here." Montgomery noticed that the tones of the

woman were very low, barely above a whisper, and that she was evidently trying to disguise her natural voice.

The thought flashed across his mind that she must be known to him, else why should she be so cautious. The woman had looked carefully around her when she halted. No one besides them-selves were in sight, yet she had not spoken

the truth when she had said that no one observed them. After the two had entered the gate and gone down the winding path, a man arose cautiously from behind a clump of bushes

by the side of the path, that had concealed him from sight,
Quietly and carefully he followed in the footsteps of the two, tracking them as the wild beast tracks its prey, or the wily sav-age, on the western frontier, trails his vic-

The sound of the footsteps of the two, ringing out clear on the silence of the night,

served as a guide to him. The windings of the path concealed the pursued from the pursuer. While the steps of the two resounded clearly on the still air, on the contrary, the man who followed moved like a ghost, and his steps fell upon the earth with all the stealth and silence of the cat.

Suddenly, the noise of the footsteps, that he was listening to so eagerly, ceased.

The watcher guessed at once that the two

With increased caution, bent almost double, he proceeded onward, keeping, as he moved, in the shade of the trees and bushes that lined the pathway. Then, as he came to an abrupt turn of the path, he saw the figures of Montgomery and

dred paces on. The spy dropped upon his knees in the shadow of a tree. For a moment he surveyed the scene be-

the vailed woman standing together, a hun-

fore him. Then, as if having made up his mind as to the course that he should pursue, he left the path, and availing himself of the shelter afforded by the trees and bushes, he noiselessly, snake-like, stole, little by little toward the spot where Montgomery and the

He advanced so cautiously, that the two had no suspicion that there was any one

vailed woman stood.

Within a dozen paces of the two, the spy plan that I should not know where he is. I found shelter under a bush, and there, might possibly defeat his purpose by some | crouched upon the ground like a huge toad,

said, with a bitter accent. "You have lost fortune, friend, and, dearer than either, the woman that you 'To a certain extent, you are right. The love is utterly gone, and nearly all my for-

"No, your words are true," Montgomery

"Is a secret enemy!" said the woman, hastily. "He is one of the League of Three that are striking these terrible blows."
"The League of Three! yes, I remember now; you spoke of this league before, did

tune; but the friend-"

"But such a thing seems more like a fiction than a sober, living truth. Leagues are of the dark ages, when might made right and the strong arm held what the strong arm took 'And has the world changed greatly

since the age you speak of?" demanded the vailed woman. "No! the strong arm still holds what it forcibly takes. The hand of iron still exists, but modern civilization has covered it with a kid-glove. In the olden time, mailed knights, at the head of armed warriors, seized castles and cities; they won them amid the shock of arms, in battles; they called their stealing, glory. In modern days, the knights have turned into gentlemen in broadcloth, shining boots, diamond pins, and kid-gloves; they seize railroads, city charters, and fat contracts; their armed hosts are smooth-tongued lawyers, venial office-holders, and a corrupt press. They work in the dark, and their stealing is called speculation. The world has not changed it has only covered its ugly face with a mask. Angus Montgomery, believe me when I tell you that these three men have sworn to ruin you! Ask your own judg-ment if my words are improbable. Have you never heard of combinations? they not made in party politics every year? Can all these blows that have fallen so heavily upon your head be the result of ac-cident alone?"

"No; it does not seem probable," Montgomery replied, slowly.
"I have spoken truth!" exclaimed the woman, firmly.

"But why do these three men hate me so bitterly?" Angus asked. Because you are in their way, and they seek to remove you from it."

"Tell me the names of the three?"

"I can not," the vailed woman said,

"And why not?" "Because I-but do not ask me for reasons," the White Witch said, imploringly.

sures of his heart, never cared for him; but he bore it bravely.

The vailed woman noticed the quiver of his lips and the momentary look of pain

that came over his face. "I knew that the truth would give you pain," she said, softly, and with an accent of

Never mind; it's like the 'skillful surgeon cutting beyond the wound to make the cure complete," he replied, quietly. "How could you know that she did not love me?"

"I can read her character in her face," re-plied the White Witch, slowly; and as she spoke, the thought occurred to Montgomery that the vailed woman was evading the

'In her face you read that she did not

love me?" he queried.

"No, not that," replied the woman, "but in her face I read that she can not love any one, except herself. Her nature is a selfish one. It is not her fault. It was born in her. To love, one must have fire—passion. Think of Frances Chauney's cold eyes; they are beautiful, but 'tis the beauty of colored glass; the fire that should give them life dwells not there. Another proof: her thin, passionate lips; and then, too, her wax-like face. Such a girl as she is can never love any one deeply. It is not in her. Angus, her cold, unsympathetic nature would chill your heart to ice, deaden the blood within your veins, and cause you to regre the day when you linked your fate with hers. Do not think that I would wrong her, even in thought, for Heaven knows that I have no wish to do so. You asked for the truth, and I have spoken it, perhaps,

too freely."
"No, no!" he exclaimed. I have only obeyed your wish," she re-

plied, simply. Yes, and I thank you for it; and now, what is the new danger that threatens me?"

"You have still some little portion of your fortune left?"

"Yes, a few thousands that I have saved from the wreck," Montgomery answered. "Your foes strike at that next."

Indeed, how?" That I can not tell you.'

Because I do not know: the White Witch, you see, frankly confesses her ignorance. All that I know is that the League of Three intend to strike another blow at you. What have you left that they can strike at, except the little remnant of your fortune?" she asked.

'You have just now confessed that your wisdom does not extend to knowing every thing," Montgomery said, quietly. The vailed woman looked at him in

'I do not understand you," she said. Again the Witch is ignorant."
"You say that my fortune is all that I have left; you are wrong. I have something that I value more than I do the

I guess what that is," said the White Witch, dryly. "You do?"

Yes; you mean that you are loved.' Right; I am."

"A fatal love that will lead you to your ruin," the vailed woman said, gravely.

"No, you are wrong; it is a love that will make my future life happy beyond ex-

You will not be warned?" Against her?"

'Do you know the name of the lady that I refer to?"

I can guess it." "Well, then, speak it. If you can guess her name you are indeed a witch, for the secret of our love is known only to the lady

and myself," said Montgomery, confidently. Montgomery uttered an exclamation of surprise. With wonder in his face, he

gazed upon the mysterious woman 'I can not understand this!" he cried "Oh, Angus Montgomery, you are walking blindly into the snare! Your love for Leone is a broken reed; lean upon it and it will snap in twain," she said, bitterly.

'I confess your knowledge surprises me,' he said, slowly, and in wonder.

"The knowledge of your love known only to yourself and the lady?" said the woman, scornfully. "You are wrong. Lionel O'Connel knows that you love her and that she loves you."

that she loves you."
"He does?" exclaimed Montgomery, stupefied at the news. "Yes; and she told him." Ah!" A sudden light A sudden light flashed upon

Montgomery's brain. "From O'Connel, then, you procured your information?"
"Perhaps," replied the White Witch,

Perhaps! I am sure of it!" cried Montgomery. "Well, there is no harm in her speaking of it. I am not ashamed of my love. This O'Connel is an old friend of hers; the only one, besides myself, that she has in this strange country. What is more natural than that she should confide her happiness to him?"

Lionel O'Connel her friend?" and there was a peculiar expression in the tone of the vailed woman that grated harshly on Mont-

Yes, her friend," he replied.

"Is he not more than a friend? Question her and see if she will answer you!" The words of the mysterious woman cut like a knife-thrust to Montgomery's heart.
"How! would you dare to—" and then he checked his impulsive speech. "Well?" The White Witch looked at

him, calmly. "Pardon me, I was hasty," he said.
"Answer one question. Does not Leone

"Yes, better than she loves any thing in this world, and yet her love will bring you to your ruin. 'Tis to tell you this that I have seen you to-night. And now, fare-well. If you are a gentleman, you will not follow me.

A moment and the woman was gone.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE, Montgomery gazed after the woman in astonishment.

"This affair grows more and more mysterious!" he exclaimed, in wonder. "Who is this woman? I am sure that I know her. Her voice is familiar to me in spite of her efforts to disguise it. Whence comes this strange knowledge that she possesses of my affairs? By Jove! the whole thing seems more like a troubled dream than living this mysterious woman and myself?"

truth. She warns me against Leone's love, yet she does not deny that she does love me.
This is a riddle that I can not solve. Leone's love will bring me to ruin! Such was her warning. I have it!" he exclaimed, suddenly, as a thought flashed across his mind. will see Leone to-morrow. I will question

ner. She will speak the truth, I am sure."
Then a slight noise behind the bushes to the left of the path attracted Montgomery's "Hallo! there's some one there," he mur-

mured. "Can it be a spy upon our conversation? Perhaps so. By Jove! I'll see who

Acting at once upon the resolve, Montgomery cautiously approached the bushes from whence the noise had come.

All now was still.

As Montgomery advanced, he caught sight of a skulking figure some fifty paces from the clump of bushes. The back of the man was toward him, and he was stealing along cautiously, apparently dogging the

White Witch.
"'Tis as I thought," muttered Montgomery, as his eyes fell upon the figure of the man who had evidently been concealed behind the bushes. "This man has played the spy and overheard our conversation. He is now following this mysterious woman. In turn, I'll follow him. He is here for no good. I'll learn his errand, and who sent him on it, or I'll strangle him. I'll get on ahead and surprise him as he goes through the archway."

Montgomery proceeded at once to carry out his resolution.

Bending round in a wide circle he gained the side of the archway facing south-

The little path swept down into a hollow, and a road carried over it in the hollow

formed the archway,
The mouth of the archway was quite When Montgomery reached his post, the dark form of the White Witch had just dis-

appeared around the angle of the path leading to the gate.
"This fellow has little idea that he is waited for," Montgomery muttered, as he nerved himself to spring upon the man who

was following the woman so cautiously. Montgomery was in a fever of nervous excitement. There is a subtle charm in a man-hunt to all whose blood courses freely in their veins.

Listening intently, Montgomery heard the stealthy steps of the spy stealing through the darkness of the archway.

Nearer and nearer came the steps.

Montgomery nerved himself for the coming struggle. Each muscle in his frame seemed turned into steel. Naturally vigorous, and possessed of more than common strength, he had little fear of the approachng contest. Besides, he had on his side the advantage of the surprise. And he had noted, too, even with the slight glimpse that e had caught of the spy, that he was not a very formidable antagonist, or at least, Montgomery judged so from his appear-

The hollow sound of the man's footsteps grew louder and louder.

The spy was near at hand.
A dark figure came from the gloom of the

vaulted way.
With the spring of the panther, leaping upon its prey, Montgomery sprung upon the

Taken by surprise, the unknown was hurled to the earth, while over him bent Montomery, his strong hands grasping him by the throat.

A moment only did Montgomery enjoy his advantage, the product of surprise; for, with a snake-like motion, the unknown wrigwith a sudden twist, rolled the young man from off his breast. Desperately Montgom-ery grappled with his antagonist. The young man was far superior to the other in strength but not in the wiles of the wrestler's art.

Another snake-like movement, another twist, and Montgomery sprawled over on the earth, while his unknown foe, profiting by his advantage, placed his knee on the young man's breast, and catching him by the col-lar, twisted his knuckles in his throat in a very dexterous manner, that threatened to strangle Montgomery, off-hand.

"Well, now you've got it, ain't you?" gasped the unknown, whose heavy breathing gave visible proof of how desperate the struggle had been and what exertions he

When Montgomery heard the voice of the unknown he would have uttered an excla mation of surprise had not the iron knuckle of the other, pressing, lever-like, in his throat, forbade the utterance

The unknown noticed the start of surprise that Montgomery made, and thought it an indication that he was about to renew the struggle. He did not fully realize how com

plete his victory was.
"Don't try that on!" exclaimed the unknown, sternly. "You're bigger than I am, but I've got a little weapon here that makes us even; perhaps it gives me a leetle ad-

And as the stranger spoke he drew a re-volver from his pocket and leveled it at the head of the young man.

Again Montgomery tried to speak, and the unknown, now guessing his intention, removed his knuckles from his throat. "Pipgan!" exclaimed the young man. Pipgan—for the spy was no other than

the Englishman-uttered an exclamation of "Hollo! Who's this that knows me?"

Then he looked sharply into Montgom-"Mr. Montgomery!" the Englishman cried, in astonishment.

Removing his knee from the young man's breast, he assisted him to rise.
"Well, jigger my buttons!" Pipgan said in utter amazement. "I never should have

dreamed it was you." A saw you following the woman, and thinking that you were a spy, hired by some one to watch us. I determined to find out who and what you were," Montgomery

said, recovering his breath. "And that was the reason that you pounced onto me, eh?" said Pipgan, replace

ing his revolver in his pocket as he spoke. Well, I couldn't imagine who it was, so

A turn in the path, and the trees hid her from his sight.

Angus was strangely perplexed.

I fought all I knew how."

"I never should have guessed that you possessed such strength," said Montgomery. looking at the apparently slender form of the Englishman in astonishment.

"Tain't the strength, sir," replied Pipgan,
"I'm a wrestler, and you ain't. That's
where I had the advantage. But, it was the
toughest job that I've had for many a day."
"You overheard the interview between

What do you think of it?" asked Mont-

gomery, anxiously. "I'll tell you better when I find out who she is," replied Pipgan, ambiguously.
"You are going to follow her, then?"

"But she requested me not to follow

Yes; I heard her, but I am not you.' No, but you are acting for m "The idea is just here, Mr. Montgomery. I think that this woman speaks the truth about the League of Three. If I can find out who she is, perhaps I can find out also where she gets her information about you.

are fair to beat 'em," said the Englishman, impatiently. Your words can not be disputed," Mont-

You've got powerful enemies, and all means

gomery said, thoughtfully.

"But if you say give up the chase, give it up it is. "Obey orders, though you break owners," was always my motto."

"You think, then, that you can hunt this women down"."

woman down?" "If I don't, you can take my head and bile it as a cabbage!" cried Pipgan, emphatically. "But, come, decide, quick; the woman will get out of the way; we are losing

valuable time." "Go; use your own judgment," cried Montgomery, hastily.
"That's the ticket!" Pipgan responded, in joy. The Englishman had the instincts of the blood-hound in his nature. "Where

can I find you to-morrow at twelve?"
"At the Fifth Avenue Hotel." All correct.' And Pipgan again followed on the trail. But, as he had said, precious minutes

The Englishman hurried on without caution now, but when he arrived at the Park gate, the woman was not to be seen. Eagerly Pipgan looked up and down Fifty-ninth street, but nowhere could he distinguish the dark form of the mysterious

woman whom he was in search of.
"Just as I expected!" he muttered in disgust. "She's give me the slip and it's all his fault. Why on earth couldn't he have

guessed that it was me that was tracking the woman? Blow the luck!"

Pipgan's rage attracted the attention of the Park policeman who was in the little

sentry-house by the gate.
"P'hat the divil's the matter wid yees?" said the policeman, in a rich brogue that be trayed the Connaught man in every word, as he emerged from his shelter and approached the enraged Englishman.

"Oh!" and a brilliant idea occurred to Pipgan. "I say, my friend, did you notice a woman in dark clothes come through the gate a moment ago?"
"Is it a woman, now?" said the policeman, reflectively.

Yes, a woman An' she had dark clothes?"

P'hat the divil should I tell yees for if I did see her?" demanded the policeman, ar-Pipgan saw that deception was neces-

"The fact is, I think that she is a friend of mine that I used to know. I passed her a little while ago in the Park, but she had her face all muffled up in a vail so that I'm not sure. I wouldn't mind standing a trifle

if you can tell me which way she went."
"You would?" How much?"

But did you see which way she went?" Faith an' I did," said the policeman with a wink.
"I'll give a dollar to know," and Pipgan drew a bill from his wallet. A dollar is it?"

The policeman pocketed it, quickly "Do yees see that car a-goin' down the avenue?" and as he spoke he pointed down Seventh Avenue.

The one with the red light?" "She took that car?" "She did that same, be dad!"
"Thank you!" said Pipgan, hastily, and

he started off on a run down the avenue in chase of the car. The policeman watched him with a grin. "It's good legs he has of his own; it's well he's runnin'; divil a woman have I noticed to-night, at all, at all;" and with

broad grin on his face the guardian of the Park returned to his sentry-house. Pipgan ran after the car at the top of his speed. He had no suspicion that the policeman had deceived him.

But luck was on the side of the Englishman, for the vailed woman had actually got into the very car that the policeman had pointed out The horses attached to the car were pro-

ceeding at a sharp trot, so that Pipgan was compelled to use all his strength to overtake the object of his pursuit Pipgan came up with the car when it halted at the stables to change horses

A single glance and he saw that the vail-

ed woman was in the car.

Congratulating himself on his success, the Englishman got on the rear platform.

> CHAPTER XXX. THE PURSUIT.

THE car started and the Englishman employed himself in examining the vailed wo-Completely concealed as she was by the

waterproof cloak that she wore, Pipgan gained but little knowledge by his examina-She was young; he was convinced of that. There was a certain graceful outline to the

lender form that even the dark cloak could The thick vail masked her face from ob-

The Englishman watched her as a cat watches a mouse. Not a motion of the disguised unknown could escape his searching

After a while the conductor passed through

the car collecting the fares.

When the vailed woman opened her pocket-book, and gave the conductor the the keen eyes of Pipgan noticed the little, white hand. It was a peculiar hand, long and slender and white as the driven snow, and on one of the slender fingers shone :

Pipgan thanked his lucky stars. Here was a clue at last. In his eagerness, the Englishman had pressed his gaze close to the glass of the car window. The masker happened to look in his direction. She saw the face pressed

against the glass, the keen eyes fixed upon her, and she gave a slight start.

Pipgan noticed the movement, saw that he was detected and mentally cursed his own stupidity. He did not allow the wo-man, however, to see that he knew she, had

discovered that she was watched. Carelessly, he turned his attention to an other passenger, who sat on the other side of the car; then, after a while, he took his face from the window, and retired to the rear of the platform. There, he leaned against the iron rail and speculated upon the chances.

"She saw me, that's plain enough," muttered; "but, does she suspect that I'm watching her? that's the question."

And as he put the query he noticed that the woman was looking toward the end of the car as if in search of him.

"She's suspicious," he murmured, as he saw this movement. "She's looking after

me, that's evident enough. She can't elude me, but I don't want her to suspect that she is watched. If she discovers that she is, it may block my little game. I don't see how it can, very well, but still it may; there's

Then Pipgan-metaphorically-put on his thinking cap.

"I've got the idea! I've tumbled to it!"
he cried suddenly, scratching his nose
thoughtfully as he spoke. "The next time
the car stops, I just change my base of operations and get on the front platform. She
won't be apt to think of looking for me

Mentally, Pipgan shook hands with himself at the brilliant idea, which he pro-

ceeded to put into operation the next time the car stopped to take on a passenger.

Gaining the front platform, Pipgan again kept a watchful eye upon his game.

The woman moved uneasily in her seat. She had evidently noticed the absence of the man who had attracted her attention, and, instead of quieting her fears, his sudden disappearance had augmented them.

Pingan saw all this and mused upon the

Pipgan saw all this and mused upon the

She aint a bit easy," he murmured. "Why should a stranger just squinting at her, worry her so?" It was a difficult ques-tion to answer, and though the Englishman in his time had solved many a riddle, this one puzzled him. "My disappearance ought to quiet her; but, she is evidently alarmed."

The car was crossing Sixth avenue when the vailed woman made a motion to the conductor to ston The watchful eyes of Pipgan saw the movement.

"Another move in the game, eh?" he muttered. The car stopped and the woman alighted. Pipgan remained on the car, but kept his eyes on the person. She proceeded to the sidewalk, turned into the side street, and

isappeared. This was the moment for the Englishman to act. He jumped from the car and hurried up Broadway. When he reached the corner of the street down which the woman had turned, she was not to be seen!

Pipgan cogitated for a moment. He knew that it was clearly impossible for her to have walked the block that intervened

to have walked the block that intervened between Broadway and the next avenue in the little time that had elapsed. Therefore, it was plain she must have entered one of the houses in the block.

"Well, now, I didn't expect that my bird was going to take shelter here," he muttered. Then he shook his head sagely. "It won't do!" and he chuckled as he spoke, "it's a very clever trick, but I ain't to be thrown off the scent so easy. She's conceal-"it's a very clever trick, but I ain't to be thrown off the scent so easy. She's concealed in the street somewhere, in some dark doorway. She's got an idea that she is followed, and she wants to be certain of it. If I stay here, she may get out the other way. She could glide along in the shadow of the houses without my seeing her, maybe."

Then, after thinking for a moment, the Englishman made up his mind.

"I'll walk through the street; then I can discover if she is concealed in any of the doorways. It's dark; I don't think that she

doorways. It's dark; I don't think that she

would be apt to recognize me."

But as the Englishman came to this conclusion, he detected a female form approaching on the other side of the street. Pipgan was standing in a deep shadow

cast by a projecting doorway.

"Jigger my buttons!" he cried, in delight; "it's my bird. She crossed over to the other side, doubled on her track, and has come back. Oh, you're smart, but you haven't thrown me off the scent, my little

Pipgan crouched close to the wall. The woman came swiftly along. From the searching glances that she cast around it was evident that she was on the alert. Thanks to the darkness, Pipgan escaped observation.

The vailed woman crossed Broadway proceeded down the street to Sixth avenue and took a car there Pipgan, at a safe distance in the rear, fol-

lowed. He saw the woman get on board the car, and when the car started, Pipgan was on the front platform, chuckling quiet-

"No more rear platforms for me," he muttered; "my lady-bird don't get her eyes on me again this night, if I know myself, and I think I do."

The spy kept his eyes upon the vailed woman. He did not intend that she should escape him.

She made no attenue to be a single made and a

She made no attempt to leave the car, but rode all the way down to the Astor House. There she got out, and waited on the corner. Crossing over to the opposite side of the street, Pipgan once again availed him-

self of the shadows of the walls.

The woman did not remain long on the corner, for a Twenty-third street stage comng up, she hailed it, and got inside.

Pipgan felt annoyed. "Oh, Jerusalem crickets!" he muttered, in despair, "there isn't any chance of getting on the front of that concern. Shank's nare will have to do here. And if she takes a fancy to go clear to Twenty-third street, it will be a lively old run for me. But I'll stick to her, if she rides all over New York from now till doomsday." And, from the earnest look upon Pipgan's face, it was evi-

dent that he meant to keep his word. Up Broadway went the omnibus in which the still-pursued woman was seated Up Broadway went the little Englishman, a sleuth-hound on the trail.

Luckily for Pipgan, the omnibus made quite a number of halts to take up and let down passengers The Englishman had a vague idea of trying to get upon the box of the stage, but concluded not to risk the chance of being

scented by the game whom he was follow The Englishman kept just within sight of the stage. He did not dare to venture nearer for fear of being discovered.

As he followed in the chase, he congratulated himself that he had succeeded in evad-

ing the notice of the woman. Never was there an idea with less foun-

The vailed woman had detected that she was followed. Her keen eyes, constantly on the watch, had seen the Englishman follow-

ing the stage, and had recognized him.
"It is the same man," the vailed woman muttered, in alarm, as her eyes fell upon the form of Pipgan. He was just passing in front of a brightly-lighted store, and his figure was plainly revealed. "How can I escape him?" she nurmured.
"He will surely track me home unless I can contrive to elude him. Why does he follow me? What can be his motive?"

Then a sudden idea flashed upon her

mind.

"That will do," she murmured; "but have I money enough?" Then she examined her pocketbook. And by the quick flash of her black eyes, that even the thick vail could not hide, one would have guessed that she had hit upon a plan to escape from the pursuit of her persistent fol-

cape from the pursuit of her persistent follower.
"Blessed if this isn't awful!" muttered Pipgan, in disgust, as he followed at a sharp pace. "I'll go in training for the running championship if I have much of this sort of

On went the stage, and steadily the Englishman followed it. Street after street was passed, yet ne vailed lady descended not from the stage.

"This is too much of a good thing," muttered Pipgan, breathing heavily and laboriously. "I likes exercise, but not in such large doses as this 'ere. Blessed if my wind

ain't 'bout all gone."

At Union Park the stage halted, and the eyes of the spy were gladdened by the sight of the figure of the vailed woman getting

"No more shank's mare!" cried Pipgan, in relief. "But what's the programme Pipgan's question was soon answered. The omnibus rolled on, and the vailed woman entered the gates of the Park, and was soon lost to sight amid the gloom of the

"I must follow her closely here, or else the jig is up," cried Pipgan, classically. Acting on the idea, he hurried across the intervening square and entered the Park. Scarcely a moment had elapsed between the disappearance of the vailed woman and the entrance of Pipgan into the Park, yet the dark figure that the Englishman had tracked

so closely was not to be seen!

A low whistle escaped from the spy's lips; it was his way of expressing great astonish-

'Well—she's done it now!" he cried, in rage; "given me the slip, by jinks!"

The Englishman guessed how he had been outwitted. The woman had detected that she was watched, had entered the Park, and, once inside the gates, had taken to her heels, and, in the darkness of the Park, a few moments had placed her beyond the

possibility of pursuit.

"She's got me!" cried Pipgan, in smothered indignation; "she's as smart a bird as ever came under my notice. Here are three paths; which one did she take?"

Who could answer the question?
"I'll try the right-hand one first!" Pipgan cried. Then at the top of his speed he ran up the right-hand path. The path was the one that led around the edge of the Park close to the fence.

Pipgan came to a gate—he darted through it and looked anxiously around, but no female figure met his eyes. Then he returned to the Park again. Each gate that he came to—there were three, he was making the circuit of the Park—he looked to see if he could discover the vailed woman crossing the square beyond.

At the last gate—the one on the left nearest to the gate by which he had entered the Park—he saw the game again. She was about to enter a carriage that stood there. Her foot was on the step.

Pipgan formed a desperate resolve. He saw that, once in the carriage, she would escape him, as he was without money to pay another to follow in pursuit. "If I can see her face, I'll know her again!" he murmured. "I'll do it!"

With a sudden spring he stood by the side of the disguised woman. A single motion and the Englishman tore the vail from her face. (To be continued—Commenced in No. 49.)

The Avenging Angels:

THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIOTO. A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE. EY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIELD OF DEATH. The forest is passed.

The last remnant of the wooded land is traversed, the last bush is behind, and the Rangers are on the stony plain, which has been called the Field of Death, so desolate, so arid is it, scarcely any thing meeting the crumbling bones of men and four-footed

On the verge of this region is the Pilot Rock, the secret of which Kenewa has intrusted to the pale-faces.

The ring of the horses' hoofs on the stony plain was of itself a change from the ride under the green trees; but the race had not lasted many minutes when the wisdom of

lasted many minutes when the wisdom of Kenewa's suggestion became evident. The horses began to pant for want of water.

But with the desperate energy of men who knew that their safety lay only in flight, they urged them forward with whip and spur, satisfied, even at the cost of losing the animals, to reach the goal of safety.

Kenewa seemed to guide them by intuition for the night was now dark; no guidence the same of the

tion, for the night was now dark; no guid-ing stars could be seen, no moon, nothing visible anywhere but the pathless and stony desert, across which he was leading them.

The Shawnees were coming up hand over hand; their little fiery steeds, unshod and scarcely broken in, dashed over the stony plain with a vigor which soon threatened to

About half an hour after they entered on the stony plain, the darkness was so great that one could scarcely see a hundred yards

The Five Bandits of the Scioto, who were warming to their work, and who felt their wounds less as the exercise circulated their blood, rode to the left of the group in one I can't hear the niggers," said Mo, sud-

At the same moment the Shawnees halted, as if to listen. Not a sound could be heard.
The pursued seemed to have suddenly disappeared, as if swallowed up in the earth.

Several of the Shawnees dismounted, and sunk down upon the earth, both to listen and to try to distinguish the motion of any thing on the prairie. In this position, on a flat plain, the movement of the smallest animal becomes visible to the eye of the watcher.

For some minutes the men could see nothing; upon which they scattered across the plain, prying and scrutinizing every indication, however slight, of the probable presence of the Avengers.

A low cry from one of the scouts soon

brought the whole band to his side.

The simplicity of the trick which had been played them, caused yells of rage to escape the lips of the savages, while the five bandits cursed and swore fearfully.

There was a kind of gully or hollow traversing the plain for about half a mile, and here Kenewa by a sign had made all his party halt, and then dismount.

Each man then took his horse by the head, and walking quite leisurely, turned off to the left, thus completely deceiving the pursuers for at least ten minutes, which served the two-fold purpose of giving the horses time to breathe and of getting a start of the

The end of the valley reached, they all again mounted and rode off as before.

But now all began to suffer from intolerable thirst, while the horses drooped and

stumbled. The rough ride over the stony plain, at the killing pace first adopted, was rapidly telling upon them; but there was no

Black Ella had not turned a hair, but was as fresh and lively as ever.

Suddenly there was a cry. One of the horses had fallen to rise no more. Roland at once saw that it was the steed that bore Ettie, who, however, with marvelous presence of mind, contrived to disengage

herself without being hurt.
Roland merely held out his hand, and next minute the young girl was seated in front of him on his magnificent steed. "How far now?" asked Roland, as he

rode up to the guide. "See," replied Kenewa, pointing ahead. Roland peered through the gloom, and saw something dark looming in the dis-

Then the horses seemed suddenly to revive; they roused their energies as if quite fresh, and without an effort on the part of their riders, they dashed over the stony

"Smell water," said Kenewa.
Roland nodded. He had enough to do
now to restrain his noble horse, which bore its double burden as if it had been a feather seeming also carried away by the agency which had suddenly roused the slower and heavier steeds to fresh efforts.

Soon it became a race, a regular stampede the horses having the complete mastery. Then came a green and grassy slope, at the bottom of which lay something white and silvery, and next minute the jaded animals were plunged to the girths in the sweet water of a large pool or fountain at the foot

of the Pilot Rock. As soon as the first rage of thirst was appeased the men drew their steeds away, and at a signal from Kenewa they followed him some hundred yards further, where they could prepare to receive the enemy with

some chance of success. The place selected by the Huron was at the foot of the rock, where a small bank surrounded a slight hollow. Behind this was a perfect inclosure of rock, in which the horses were placed.

Then all took up positions, and leaning on their rifles prepared for the coming on-

The Pilot Rock, now that they approached it nearer, was clearly defined. It was a majestic, tall, rugged, uneven column of stone, rearing its lofty and storm - beaten head from a broad, level valley. It stood forth boldly from the level plain, rearing its cedar-crowned head, all green, and young, and lovely, as if in the spring-tide of youth although as old as the world itself, and shooting its rugged summit several hundred feet above the level surface of the green val-

ley stretching in every direction around it.

At its base the Pilot Rock covered some two acres of ground, running up in pyramidal form nearly two hundred feet, and leaving an area on the summit of almost an acre. This area was entirely bare and without vegetation, with the exception of a few dwarf pines and cedars, and here and there the green moss clothed the exposed points of the rugged and broken stones scattered thickly around, as if to protect them from

the blasts of winter.

The Pilot Rock, with its rugged and broken sides covered and hidden by pines, cedars, and wild vines, presented to the wandering eye, during the summer, an immense, gigantic column of green waving vegeta-tion, picturesque and dreamlike—a scene

tion, picturesque and dreamlike—a scene rarely, if ever, surpassed in wild beauty.

Such was the spot selected by Kenewa to make a stand against the superior forces which were to attack them.

They had not been long in position when the moon rose clear and bright, flooding the vast rock, the plain and pool with light. Every object was now clearly visible, and in time, for on their hands and knees the in time, for on their hands and knees, the five bandits, followed by twenty red-skins, were creeping up in the shadow of the rock, and in another two minutes there would have been a hand-to-hand conflict.

A sudden volley from every one of the Avengers at once proclaimed that they were

not to be surprised. The Indians at once turned and fled, their white associates with heavy curses following their example. Four had to be carried away dving or severely wounded, and for a

moment the fight was over. But even the least experienced of the whites knew that the red-skins had only re-

tired to prepare for another rush. It was evident, however, that a consulta tion was going forward; for while twenty

picked warriors were left on guard, the rest retired to a distance, and held a kind of council of war. The men left to watch pursued singular

tactics. Stooping, so as to prevent scarce any mark to the enemy, they rode in line in front of the besieged, each man discharging his arrow as he passed, and each time that he passed coming nearer and nearer to

Roland seemed to suspect their maneuver, which appeared to be to creep gradually nearer and nearer, when a rush might put

them in possession of the besieged position. In a low whisper he directed each Avenger to pick out his man, and a general volley

The wounded and discomfited enemy at once made a hasty retreat, and joined their

The garrison breathed again.

For quite twenty minutes there was silence on the plain, and then the tactics of the white ruffians and their red-skin associates became visible. They all had dismounted, and formed into three distinct columns, two of which so posted themselves as to keep up a terrific cross-fire on the po-sition of their foes, while the third prepared to dash to the assault.

For two or three minutes the volley of guns and arrows was terrific, and then, a fearful war-whoop waking the echoes of the hills, the center column rushed headlong to the attack, evidently resolved to take the position by storm.

Not an answering shot came. Awe struck, the desperadoes rushed up the bank, and entered the hollow but a few minutes before held by the Avenging

Angels.
It was silent and deserted.
"Absquatulated," roared Mo; "but where? They can't be far off."
"We had better wait for daylight," replied one of the brothers; "they're hid in the rocks somewhere about."
This, in their wearied state, seemed instead the best relieve and in a few minutes.

deed the best policy; and in a few minutes the whole party lay within sight of the Pilot Rock, in eager anticipation of the morn.

But, when it came, and they had searched

the whole country round, not the faintest sign of the opposite party could be seen—they had disappeared as if by magic. When Kenewa saw that the Indians had retired to confer, and from his knowledge of their habits was convinced that no further attack need be apprehended for some time. he bade every one follow him, and slowly and cautiously skirting the base of the rock,

hey stood at the foot of the cascade. All followed implicitly, the women by this time convinced that in the Huron chief Il their hopes centered.

Kenewa bade them wait a moment and watch him.

Then he darted under the broad sheet of water formed by the cascade, and in ten minutes more emerged on the opposite side, wending his way along a ledge of rocks to the summit of the cliff.

the summit of the cliff.

Roland, who held Ettie by the hand—the stern father never left the side of Ella—followed his example, and found himself standing on a broad, solid stone. The rock over which the water poured, instead of being a smooth, perpendicular wall, as it appeared to the spectator, was in the shape of a crestent with the two ends pointing on shore. cent, with the two ends pointing on shore, and the entire half-circle covered by a thin

sheet of falling water.

Having ascended a little path leading to the top of the cascade, they followed Kenewa and entered the creek, now hemmed in on either side with immense cliffs: a solid, per-pendicular, unbroken wall of gray lime-stone, eighty feet high, worn away and formed by the continual friction of the waters during a period of hundreds or per-haps thousands of years.

Presently they passed an old beech tree, which had taken root in a little strip of soil extending along the side of the cliff, and which had grown to a great hight, immediately against the bare sides of the lofty rock.

Here Kenewa bade the whole party halt appeared with the property with the property of the property with the property with the property with the property of the pr

a moment, while Roland and he, with the two laborers, led the horses up-stream.

This they did for some distance, until they came to a low fissure in the rock, about tall enough for a man to enter. It was apparently the mouth of a spring running from the cave to the main channel.

Inside was a spacious and dry cave, admirably suited for the purposes of a stable,

especially as a couple of poles prevented all exit on the part of the animals.

"What a splendid cave," said Roland.

"Yes," replied Kenewa, sadly; "when the sun and moon and stars were young my people knew of it-it was sacred; but now t is a secret no longer, for the pale-faces

Roland made no reply. He fully understood the deep reluctance of the red-skin to betray the mystery of his tribe.

"But Manitou knows best; in a hundred moons the hungry long-knives will dwell in the land, the red-skins will be driven from their hunting-grounds, their bones will whiten the land; and what will their eyes not peer out?" he added, in a melancholy

Returning the way they came, Kenewa showed his companions a narrow, winding path in the side of the cliff, up which the whole party went in Indian file, until, one by one, they disappeared through the open-ing of a cavern which, when entered, proved o be some twenty by thirty feet long, with floor of smooth, solid stone, while the ceiling, rugged and uneven, and ornamented by a few stalactites, exhibited the white points of the limestone, reflecting with remarkable brilliancy the pine torches, which were immediately lighted.

Proceeding through a low narrow passage hey soon reached another room, circular in shape, with a dome-like roof, and caverns leading further into the bowels of the earth. Kenewa pointed to some piles of dry grass, and intimated that he intended this is the sleeping-room of the ladies.

He then retired, all imitating his example, and seeking repose in the outer cave, whence, however, such necessaries as had been prought with them, had been first carried to

the inner room. The Indian now bade all seek in slumber that refreshment they so much needed, while he would act as sentry

The man's nerves appeared made of iron. No sooner did he see that all slept, than, clutching his rifle and tomahawk, he prepared to leave the cavern, in order to spy out the motions of the enemy. He was soon at the foot of the cliff and descending the

Again he passed under the water, but in stead of going back to the post they had held for some time against the foe, he entered upon a narrow path leading to the

summit of the Pilot Rock. The way was steep and difficult, but the Indian knew the path.

In ten minutes he was crawling over the ast bowlder that stood in his way. He was on the summit of the extraordinary rock: but he was not alone.

CHAPTER IX. THE WATCHERS OF THE NIGHT. HE was not alone. The summit of the Pilot Rock, though

lighter than the plain below, was still to a certain extent enveloped in darkness, and thus admitted of a man's moving about unnoticed, if he made no noise.

Kenawa took in at one glance the exact

Kenawa took in at one glance the exact state of affairs.

Jagged and rugged, but to a certain extent level, the surface of this singular pillar of earth and stone was crowned by cedars, three of which grew on the edge of the cliff opposite where Kenewa stood, while near to him there was a clump, within which it was possible for him to conceal himself effectually. But this was not his design.

With their backs to him, on the very verge

was possible for him to conceal himself effectually. But this was not his design.
With their backs to him, on the very verge of the precipice, were two men, evidently watchers of the night, both of whom the young Huron fancied he recognized at a glance, as the chief leaders of the party of murderers and assassins by whom they were environed. Now Kenewa knew well enough that the head men of a band of braves on the war-trail do not take up the position of the war-trail do not take up the position of sentries, unless with some ulterior motive—

and that ulterior motive was easy to guess.

They were in conference as to their future plans; and as a knowledge of their tactics would be useful in the highest degree, Kenewa determined to be present at the in-

Depositing his rifle in a safe place, and seeing that his knife and tomahawk were ready for use, the Huron brave stooped, and then lay flat upon the earth, so that if even the quick-eared sentries heard any sound, they could by no possibility see any thing of him, except by a careful examination of

His motions were now like those of a serpent. He wriggled forward rather than crept, advancing always, but never hurry-ing; always creeping in the shade of any lumps of earth or piles of stone that came in his way. In ten minutes he was so close to the sentries as to hear their voices distinctly, though as yet unable to distinguish the

Kenewa now saw that the three cedars which grew close together were about four feet from the edge of the cliff, and he perceived that the two men were seated with their backs to them. Slowly, without the creaking of a joint or the rustling of a leaf, the Huron rose to an upright position, and leaned against one of the cedars, without the faintest indication of his presence being given to the night-watchers.

Then he knew that he was right.

That hideous countenance, more scarred by villany than hardships, is that of Moses Horne, chief bandit of the Scioto. The other is an Indian: tall, muscular, with

gloomy visage, made hideous by the strange pictorial devices of the red-skins.

A kind of instinct, that thrills like a shiver through the frame, told Kenewa that this was Theanderigo, the Black Hawk of the Shawnees, his hereditary and inveterate foe; a man whose reputation for creature and a man whose reputation for cruelty and a man whose reputation for cruery and cunning was a by-word even among the savages of the North American continent.

The conjunction of these two evil geniuses boded no good to the fugitives concealed within the hollows of the neighboring

"It beats my comprehension," said Mo, in the low, hushed voice with which we so often speak in the stillness of night, "how "They are not spirits, to fly through the air," replied the chief, in tones so deep and guttaral that the listener started.

"I don't say they are; but, curse me, if I can make the whole thing out!" continued Moses Horne, who was evidently more puzzled than he liked to own, even to himself. "Talking is useless," said the Black Hawk; "my young men will find their track in the morning. If they have perched like eagles, we will follow up; if they have burrowed like owls, we will dig them out. The dog of a Huron knows some hidingplace hereabout, which, when the sunbeams gild the prairies, will be but as the hole of

Curse the Huron. If he hadn't guarded his friends so well we should not have been nterrupted.

The brow of the Shawnee chief grew dark and threatening. He, however, spoke not for two or three

minutes, occupying the interval in filling up his tomahawk pipe with the choicest of kinneh-kinneh, which then he lighted by means of a flint and steel, with dried tree-fungus for tinder. Mo, who understood Indian customs well, imitated his example, and when the pipes were in full play, the two men sat still about five minutes, gazing out upon the dark and gloomy plain below, where, however, gleamed the camp-fires of their companions

All else beyond and around seemed one vast black abyss, overhung by eternal

'My braves look at me with lowering brows," suddenly began the chief; "they have a cloud of blood before their eyes; they can not see. They have fought and bled for the long-knives—where is the promised reward?"

"Indian." said Moss have the with lowering have a cloud of blood before their eyes; they can not see. They have fought and bled for the long-knives—where is the promised reward?"

'Indian," said Moses, keeping his temper as well as his nature would allow him, "I reckon it ain't my fault if Kenewa and the other devils came up and spoiled our game. I tell you I know the judge is rich, that he could fill large coffers with gold, that he could supply a whole tribe with powder and blankets, and then not feel it."

"But where is all this wealth of which my brother speaks?" says the wary and suspicious Indian,

'I do not know, nor do I care. But I know the key that will unlock the secret."
"My brother speaks in a cunning way which a Shawnee can not understand," said

"Well, it's my determination at any price secure the old man's daughters," began Mo, in a slow and deliberate tone. Kenewa mechanically placed his hand upon the handle of his tomahawk.

"My ears are open," observed Black Hawk, seeing that the other paused. 'One of 'em ain't much use to no one, seeing the little affair of the other night kinder made her mad. But men is such fools; I dare say he thinks as much of this one as of plump, laughing Miss Ettie of the

golden hair. The Indian bowed his head, with a sneer on his face. All Indians respect those bereft of reason, and treat them with indul-

'Howsomever," continued Mo, "my game is to get the two girls into my possession, and then if the old man don down handsome, he's not the fool I take him

Well?" said the Indian, coldly,

"Darn my old stockings," cried the bandit of the Scioto, in a half angry tone, "ain't

right hand on the other's arm, "clear enough for the long-knives, but not clear enough for the warriors of the great Shaw-

nee race."
"Well, I'm fair and above board; speak, and let me know what you and your war-

"Hostages for the treasure that is to be divided among us," replied the Shawnee,

significantly.
"Eh?" cried Mo.
"Listen," said Black Hawk, "an Indian

"Listen," said Black Hawk, "an Indian has but one word; his tongue is not forked, neither does he depart from a promise made. Give the maidens into my hands, and when the treasure is fairly divided they are yours. While in my wigwam, Black Hawk will forget that he has eyes. The pale-face girls shall be treated as Shawnee girls."

The robber mused. He was too well acquainted with the wiles of the race he was in alliance with not to have strong doubts as to the policy of what was asked. But what was he to do? He was to a certain extent in the power of the Shawnee chief, as, did he turn against the bandits, they would have but little chance. It was, therefore, with every appearance of manly frankness that he replied:

"My brother is very kind, and Mo accepts the hospitality of the Shawnee camp for the girl who is to be his wife."

Ah! if Moses had known how near death he was when he used that word he would extend here the strength of the Status.

Ah! if Moses had known how near death he was when he used that word he would certainly have shuddered!

By an almost irrepressible impulse, Kenewa, his dark face flashing with rage and indignation, clutched his tomahawk and raised it on high. To brain the white villain and then engage in mortal combat with the mighty Shawnee warrior, the savage of the Dark and Bloody Ground, would have

been the work of an instant.

But at the same instant the sound of several other voices close at hand caused him to merge all thoughts into considera-

tions of personal safety.

Sinking quietly and stealthily on the ground, he glided with bated breath to the shelter of a bush, which effectually screened him, while still allowing him to hear what

"My brother would make the white girl his squaw?"

"Yes," replied Moses.

"But how, then, will he get the treas-

'Never mind. I'll get the ransom and ive up the girl; but cuss me for a tame owl if I don't steal her again before they get back to the settlements. There ain't many white women in these parts, and seeing it is not likely we'd dare go pick and choose in the settlement, why, I means to keep the

The savage smiled as if admiring the other's cunning, but had Moses Horne been able to analyze the general expression of the other's face, he might not have been quite so well satisfied, and might have suspected that all his own jesuitry and art were to be met by corresponding qualities of the same

The new-corresponding quantities of the same nature in others.

The new-comers, whom the night-watchers turned to greet, were three in number: two Indians and one of the brothers, who, unable to sleep from pain, had come up the hill with the relief sentries to make a change.

They were soon in a group, together, but They were soon in a group together, but none seemed inclined to move, all being evidently interested in the subject of their

whispered conversation.

Kenewa was now placed in a position of considerable danger. He knew that, sheltered by the bush, he might crawl to the eastern edge of the cliff, and probably es-

cape that way; but one fact militated against this otherwise very natural proceeding. His rifle was hid in the cedar clump to the northward, and for an Indian to retreat with loss of arms was a disgrace to which he was not likely to submit.

This much-prized rifle, the gift of Judge Mason, must at any price be recovered.

Thus the secret reason for which Kenewa had visited the Pilot Rock was as yet un-

The five men were carrying on a loud desultory conversation about recent events. and were chiefly leaning against the cedars smoking. Kenewa's glittering eyes were never taken off their countenances for one moment. He saw Moses draw forth his flint and steel for a fresh light and strike it.

As he did so, there was a general start in the group, and all listened.

Kenewa lay like a statue. If there warn't an echo," said the young er Horne, with an oath, "I'm a deaf 'un."
"I thought I heard something," replied Moses, quietly, "but it was, as you say, just the echo."

And, as if quite reassured, the five men again leaned their backs against the trees, with their faces to the south.

Their backs were all to Kenewa, and all were smoking.

Then a small flame from dry leaves and grass flickered in the night wind, a number of dry sticks were cast on, and a fire arose on the summit of the Pilot Rock, which in an instant communicated itself to the drier inflammable bush behind which he was con-

With wild execrations Moses rushed fu-riously in the direction of the bush, from beriously in the direction of the Judicial hind which the shadowy figure of the In-disappearing. "In the dian could be seen disappearing. "In foul fiend's name, what deviltry is this?"

The Shawnee made no reply, but darted in pursuit, leaving the two wounded white men to put out the fire, which purpose was soon effected. Kenewa had fired his beacon on the

Pilot Rock. The young Huron, as soon as his singular purpose had been effected, took to his heels, in the direction of the cedar grove, quite satisfied that in the darkness he had nothing to fear but the chances of a stray shot which the wary Indians were not very like ly to throw away. The surprise of all at this sudden burst of light necessarily gave him a minute's start, which he used to such good purpose, that scarcely had the Shaw-nees caught sight of him before he disap-peared in the cedar grove on the north side

"My young men will guard the path," said Black Hawk, pointing to the only way of exit from the summit of the rock; "I and the pale-faces will seek the spy."

Moses and his brother Mike now came lumbering up, and it was their advice at once to search the thicket thoroughly. Five minutes had now elapsed.

Just as this resolve was come to, the moon, hitherto concealed behind dark and impenetrable clouds that, as it were, vailed heaven from earth, burst forth in all her virgin beauty.

The form of every tree-trunk was now that all clear enough?" visible. Not a place in which a dog could have concealed himself could be detected.

Every corner of the thicket was, however, searched, the edge of the cliff peered over, but nowhere was a sign of Kenewa to be

A murmur of surprise from the Indians, a volley of oaths from the white men, greeted this discovery

He was not upon the summit of the Pilot Rock, that was quite certain. A search of ten minutes satisfied them of that.

"And yet," said Mo, "I think a sentry at the bottom of the path won't do no harm. I'm darned if this ain't like magic, I declare" clare The Indian warriors and the white men

now sauntered down the path from the hill-top, conversing by the way of the beacon fire, and the mysterious hand which had lighted it. Five minutes elapsed, and all was still and

silent as the grave, on the mysterious summit of the Pilot Rock. Then, from the naked edge of a line of rock on the eastern side, came up a haggard face, which few would have recognized as that of the young Indian warrior. The face

was followed by the shoulders, but the body rose no more. With a look of utter despair, that took in

every minute point of the scene around, the shoulders disappeared, and the face alone remained. It was as the face of a man in the agonies

of death's last struggle. Then a dark frown passed over the young warrior's countenance, as with a kind of spring he leaped upward, and, by a superhuman effort, landed with his breast upon the edge of the rock, his legs and the lower part of the body hanging over the precipi-

tous cliff. He lay prostrate, his heavy breathing plainly distinguishable, for nearly ten min-utes, so utterly exhausted was he by his ex-

When Kenewa found that he had, in the thicket, to undergo the searching investiga-tion which was sure to follow his discovery, he knew full well that no ordinary effort on

his part would save him.

Lightfoot was determined not to fall into the hands of his ferocious enemies alive.

He would die, but he would die in such a way that they should not even have the opportunity of taking his scalp.

Rushing to the edge of the cliff, he peered over to see if there were even the slightest chance of descending it.

Nothing but an eagle or other bird of prey could have scaled or descended that hight.

But five feet from the edge of the cliff was slight projection about six inches in width. There were inequalities in the face of the Without a word, without hesitation, Ke-

news slipped over, placed his feet firmly on the ledge, and clinging, with outstretched arms, to a couple of stone knobs, remained, during the search, flattened against the lime Just as the search commenced he had fix-

Just as the search commenced he had fixed himself into his position. By sliding off the edge of the cliff he had been able to reach the ledge of rock, and there rest his feet, while with his hands he grasped two slightly projecting knobs of rock.

And there he hung, by this frail tenure, over the dark abyss.

For a little while, his eyes being cast upward, and his blood flowing freely, the position, though desperate in the extreme, was not so trying as it might have been to a man of more sensitive nerves; but just as the

of more sensitive nerves; but just as the bandits and the Indians began their search, a terrible sensation came over him—one that caused his heart to leap as it were to his His hands, stretched out to their utmost

limit above the level of his head, began to lose sensation, to be utterly numbed and use-It was absolutely necessary to lower one.

But the other was comparatively useless, and yet on that frail power of holding, life wholly depended. The young Indian, despite his stoic courage, felt his breath come and go hotly and

heavily: the over-balancing of an inch was Slowly and by degrees, sensation came back to the lowered hand, and as with it he clutched again a projecting piece of rock, the other fell like a lump of lead by his side. Then the search was over, and Kenewa

had to clamber to the summit of the rock or perish.

To do this seemed impossible, and indeed would have been wholly so but for one for-tunate circumstance, which at first Kenewa had not fully considered. The face of the rock from the ledge to the edge sloped slightly inward, so that when, in the mo-ment of the last desperate struggle for existence, Kenewa saw that he must restore his hands and arms to their normal state, he was able to lie flat on the rock for a minute

or two without the aid of his hands. No sooner, therefore, was the proper circulation restored to his arms, than he made the desperate and successful effort which we have already recorded, and some few min-utes later stood erect upon the summit of

the Pilot Rock—this time alone

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"THE AMERICAN PIANO." DOANE, WING AND CUSHING, 423 Broome St., New York. SONNET TO A MULE. BY JOE JOT, JR.

Thou art no bird of heavenly plumage fair. That sail'st on lightsome wings through lambent

Thy morning warble rings not from the skies Thy morning warble rings not from the skies To greet our ears ere we have ope'd our eyes. Thou art, I guess, no gifted bard's ideal Of beauty, evanescent and unreal. Thou art no mermaid, who, in ocean caves, Sits, combing her dark hair beneath the waves; To whom some merman, sitting still and mute, Singeth his praise, accompanied by the flute. Thou art no fabled fay from Elfinland. On roses dancing when the moon is bland. Thou art no bee that haunts the honeyed hive: Thou art—indeed, the meanest thing alive!

The Lost Child.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

"Av, shipmates, I tell you, Captain Cameron is a tyrant!"

The speaker was Jack Band, a rough-

looking young sailor aboard the ship Reindeer, bound from Australia to New York.

What he said was true.

Some people, however, never like to hear the truth. The captain, who, unseen by Jack, was behind the mainmast, when the latter individual expressed himself, heard his remark.

'Come aft, here, you rascal!" he scream-

Jack obeyed.
"Seize him up in the mizzen-rigging!"
continued Cameron, to his officers. This was done.

"Now, then, you dog!" cried the skipper to Jack, "confess that you lied, or I'll give you such a taste of the cat as you never had before in your life."

"No, sir," replied Jack, firmly, "what I sald was the truth, and it would be a lie for me to say it was not."

The captain had procured the "cat" and drawn the strings through his hand.

Now he raised the instrument over the

sailor's broad back.

Ere he could strike, a lovely young woman, who had heard the noise on deck, came up from the cabin and caught his arm.

This woman was Mrs. Cameron, the captain's wife, who usually accompanied him on his voyages. No, husband! don't! don't!"

The captain colored. He loved his wife dearly, and, tyrant though he was to his men, he had always been ready to obey her slightest wish.
"The man has insulted me," he said.

"You must not interfere, Mary."
"Henry," she said, firmly and gently, "I have a right to interfere in this matter.
Common humanity requires it."
"He called me a tyrant. Go below, Mary, and don't meddle."

"Henry, as truly as there is a sky above us, if you strike that poor man, you lose my respect forever! I had a little brother once, who was flogged aboard a vessel, so that he died from his injuries. Oh, husband, don't imitate that had centain!" imitate that bad captain!"

Cameron stood, undecided, a moment.

Then he cut the lashings that held the sailor

to the rigging.

"I will not flog him, but he shall leave
my ship at once. I will have him put ashore
on yonder island!"

The island was a beautiful one-about half a league to leeward—full of fruits, flowers, murmuring streams, and inhabited

by half-civilized natives.

Mrs. Cameron would have remonstrated, but she knew by the expression of Jack's face that he would be glad to get away from the ship. from the ship

The captain backed his main-yard, a boat was lowered, and Jack was put ashore. The natives, who came down to the beach, did not seem unfriendly. The sailor was left with them, and the boat returned to the

Three months later, the vessel arrived safely at New York.

The captain remained ashore two years—

during which a child was born to him—ere he went to sea again, bound for Australia. With him went wife and child, and a

The latter was a singular woman—a dark looking creature, with wild eyes, and black

At times she behaved in a strange manwhich soon made Mrs. Cameron a her husband suspect that she was partially crazy, instead of merely eccentric, as, during their previous brief acquaintance with her, had thought was the case.

The longer the ship was at sea, the wilder this woman seemed to become.

At last, when the vessel was within about six days' sail of Australia, the captain spoke to his wife of putting Martha Gray—the name of the nurse—in confinement.

Her ravings and singular behavior had become the "talk" of the whole crew.
"No," remonstrated his wife, "I am

afraid it will make the poor creature worse Be more gentle with her, Henry, and she will perhaps improve.

As usual, the captain complied with his wife's request. She had great power over him, and had improved him in many

respects.
Though still a strict disciplinarian, and stern with his men, it could no more be said that he played the tyrant. He never overworked them, nor offered to strike them, as he had formerly been in the habit

Such is the influence of a good, pure wo-

On this day there was a boat towing astern, fast to the ship by a warp. The crew had been at work repairing the dead-lights, and had been obliged to leave off for other duty. The work was to be resumed on the following morning, and, as it was not blowing hard, the captain had resolved to

leave the boat where it was all night. For several days, the sky having been overcast, he had been unable to take an observation of the sun.

Therefore, not knowing his whereabouts and the weather being foggy, he had all the watch, when night came, keeping a good look-out forward, under the direct superintendence of the officer of the deck.

Thus the quarter-deck was deserted. A few hours before dawn Mrs. Cameron

waked, to find her baby missing Usually she slept with the little thing in her arms; but, on this night, she must have turned over, away from the child, in her

There were two berths in the room—one above that she occupied, designed for the

Mrs. Cameron, on missing her baby,

sprung from her berth, to discover that Martha Gray was also gone!

A dreadful suspicion flashed on her mind.
Martha had, perhaps, taken the baby, gone on deck with it, and jumped overboard with it in her arms!

"Oh, God! my child! my baby!" shouted the bereaved woman, rushing on deck.

No sign there of the half-crazed nurse or

The captain, hearing his wife's cries, rushed on deck. Others gathered around.

The men had heard no noise like a splash, which they certainly would have done had Martha sprung into the sea with the

The captain looked over the stern, and, by the light of the lantern in the mizzen-rigging, he discovered that the boat was gone—drew up the warp and perceived that

The truth was plain! Martha had gone off in the boat with the child!

The main-yard was hauled aback, the quarter-boat lowered and soon manned. The captain headed the boat. Mrs. Cameron

sat by her husband's side, wailing and moaning about her lost child. On sped the boat, the lanterns in it throw-

on spea the boat, the lanterns in it throwing a broad glare over the water.

Soon a rock turned up ahead, showing the men they were close in shore.

"Land!" gasped the captain.

Here the current ran strongly. Drifting with it, one of the men suddenly caught hold of the fragment of a boat, which proved to be a piece of the missing one, as the name was painted on the wood.

"Lost!" mouned the captain—"I am

"Lost!" moaned the captain—"I am afraid our child is lost. The boat must have been dashed to pieces on the rocks above, and Martha and the child been drown-

The despairing shrick of the poor mother rung wildly. She bowed her head and sobbed and wailed, clasping her temples with both hands.

Every man was moved to tears. "Praps they may have got ashore, after all," suggested an old tar.
Accordingly the captain and his men

searched the rocks and the beach thorough-Attached to a rock they discovered the

child's little night-shirt, torn apart.

How could the babe's fate be longer doubted, when the little one had been held by the garment until the merciless current tore it away, whirling it to its death?

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Lost in the Perdinalles.

DY RALPH RINGWOOD.

THERE is a belief extant that when a man on horseback loses his way, the best plan to extricate himself from the difficulty is to throw down the reins, and let the animal

choose his own road.

The "rule," as a general thing, will work for good, but not always, for now and then your dumb companion will make the most egregious blunders.

The incident I am going to relate will, I

think, fairly bear me out in the last assertion; at any rate, it taught me ever after to be exceedingly careful about trusting to animal instinct.'

In the year 184— I opened up a ranch on Benson's Fork, up near the Perdinalles Hills, and from the very beginning throve won-derfully well.

The year following I began to hear rumors among the stock-men of a party of regularly-organized banditti, who had made their head-quarters somewhere back in the most rugged part of the range, from whence they sallied out upon emigrant-trains, stock ranches, lonely farm-houses, etc.; often capturing individuals, whom they held until a certain ransom was paid, either money or cattle. If the latter, they were driven north to Missouri, and disposed of in the markets there. markets there.

As yet I had made no acquaintance with these gentry, nor did I wish to do so, but the fates had determined that I should do so. I had been across the mountain to a distant ranch in search of some young cattle that had strayed, and being detained hunt-

ing them out from my neighbor's immense drove, I found myself, just as the sun was setting, at the foot of the mountain upon the western or furthest side from my place.
Under ordinary circumstances this would have given me no uneasiness, but there were perceptible signs of a norther in the atmos-

phere, and to be caught on the mountain by one was no joke, I well knew.

Half-way up the narrow, irregular trail, the storm burst upon me with unparalleled force. The heavens almost instantly became covered with a dense mass of black, angry clouds, completely shutting out the light of a new moon, and rendering it so inwhen the sound of human voices fell upon

I had just time to crouch down against the rocky wall in a slight indentation that fortunately occurred where I stood, when two men, walking in Indian file, that is, one before the other, brushed past, almost touch

before the other, brushed past, almost touching me with their garments as they went.

"I tell you I heard somebody blundering about in here," said the foremost.

"More like, a ground hog," growled the other. "Come, less go back to the fire."

"Not till I gets to the end of this gully," replied the other, and they passed on and were soon out of hearing.

They did not long remain so, however. I heard a sudden shout, the quick thud of my horse's feet as he broke away down the

my horse's feet as he broke away down the valley, the sharp report of a pistol, and almost instantly the narrow pass was filled with men hurrying forward to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Another shot followed the first, and then as the new comers reached the open valley, I heard a deep, harsh voice rapidly issuing orders to cut off the flight of the retreating horseman. They

evidently thought the animal had a rider, and were after him vigorously.

A few words dropped by the last two figures as they hurried by me, gave a cue to

govern my actions.

"Who's behind in camp?" asked one.

"Nobody," was the reply; "but the pris'ner's fast enough, an' I reckon he won't run fur," and they too passed beyond hearing.

I knew that I must act quickly, for they would soon return from a bootless chase, and at once leaving my shelter, I ran UP the pass a few paces, and debouched into the valley again, which here spread out to nearly twice its original width. Close in under the face of the rock, to my left as I came out, I saw a bright fire burning, while scattered around were articles, such as packs cooking-utensils, arms, etc., that showed this to be their camping-place.

But what attracted my especial attention, was the form of a man lying at full length upon the ground near the fire, securely

bound, hand and foot.

This was evidently the prisoner of whom I had heard the men speak, and I at once approached, drawing my hunting-knife in the mean time, with the intention of releasing him from his bonds

For God's sake, don't murder me; the

Before he could finish the sentence, I had cut the lariat, and raised him to his feet.



THE LOST CHILD.

It seemed as if poor Mrs. Cameron would

Convulsive sobs shook her whole frame ner grief was too deep for tears; her heart ed breaking.

My poor, drowned babe! my child! my was her only response to every word of comfort.
"They're signalin' to us aboard ship!" said the old tar who had spoken before, pointing to one of the lanterns moving up

Gloomily the captain gave orders to pull for the ship. All were soon aboard. "Captain—Mrs. Cameron!" said the mate,

who was dancing about in a singular mancome below They went into the cabin—to behold a

most unexpected sight.
Their little babe sat up, crowing in its mother's berth. A rough fellow standing by, picked up a lantern and held it over the

The captain recognized him at once. He vas Jack Band. The mother rushed up to her babe and fell down by it on her knees, clasping and

kissing it, hysterically.
"You see, sir," said Jack, "I seen the lights of your ship in the fog, and bein' afraid you'd go ashore, I was getting my skiff ready to come out and warn you, when what should I see, by the light of my lantern, come along, strikin' on the rocks and breaking up, but a boat, with a woman and a child in it. Well, sir, I rushed in and saved 'em, drawing 'em into my skiff. I questioned the woman, and saw she wa crazy; but she knew enough to tell me the name of the ship and her captain, when I thanked God that it fell to my lot to save the child of Mrs. Cameron, who had interfered with you when you were a-going to flog me. Well, sir, I've brought 'em both

flog me. Well; sir, I've brought aboard—the child and the woman. "God bless you for it!" cried the captain "I did not know I was off the island upon which I landed you two years ago, and where I hope you have not had a hard

"I've enjoyed myself there," answered Jack, "but think I'll soon go home to New York again.'

Mrs. Cameron now turned to Jack and thanked him fervently for saving her child. The captain persuaded the sailor to remain with him, and when they eventually reached New York he taught him navigation, and obtained for him the situation of

captain of a fine clipper, aboard which Jack did well, eventually becoming a rich man.

tensely dark that I could not see the ears of

my horse.

It came on to rain, and the rain quickly changing to a half-sleet, rendered my position about as uncomfortable as it well could After blundering about for something like

two or three hours, during which time the storm continued to rage with unabated fury. finally awoke to the disagreeable realit that I had lost the trail and was hopelessly entangled in the mazes of the moun-Here was a dilemma that I had little calculated upon. I had thought I knew every

foot of the country, and so I did, but norther is very apt to get up a confusion of ideas in any man exposed to its fury, and I uppose I was no exception to the general

However, be that as it may, I was lost, beyond a doubt, nor did I have the remotest onception of what part of the range I was

Finding that all my resources were at an end, I adopted the plan of letting my horse become guide, and throwing the reins down upon his neck, I lightly touched him up with he spur and surrendered the whole affair into his charge.

The moment the animal found that he was free to go where he liked, he abruptly halted, threw up his head, and after sniffing the air for a moment or two-at least eemed to me that he did-turned almost at a right-angle to his former course, and began the ascent of the very steepest part of the mountain. Passing over a sharp ridge, we descended into a valley of considerable size, down which my horse turned, and folowing it for more than a mile, entered another and smaller valley, or rather gulch that opened into the one we had been traversing. Up this he carefully picked his way over the soft turf, his foot-strokes prolucing no sound, and after many turnings, right and left, according to the nature of the ravine, he came to an abrupt halt in front of an immense rock that apparently barred all progress in that direction.

Unable to judge correctly of the nature of the obstruction, I dismounted, and advanced to inspect the locality

I found that the bowlder had almost entirely filled the narrow gulch, in fact I thought at first that it had done so, but a closer search revealed a passage-way upon the right, wide enough to admit of my ing through, but not sufficient to permit of my horse doing likewise. It was plain that my journey in this direction was at an end, and I was on the point of retracing my steps,

For an instant ne could not realize that I vas not one of the band, but I quickly ressured him.

Is there a way out of this?" I asked.

"Up the valley," he replied, hastily.
"Secure a rifle and follow; they will—"
I in turn was cut short by the sound of approaching footsteps through the pass, and at once darted away in the darkness, followed by the released captive, who had snatch ed a rifle and its accouterments from where

it was leaning against the rock. Closely skirting the base of the left-hand hill, we dashed up the valley, momentarily expecting a volley of rifle balls, as we could not hope that our footsteps would not be-tray our locality. But the bandits defeated themselves by the infernal din they raised on discovering that their prisoner had es-

Shouts, yells, rapid commands and savage oaths filled the air, under cover of which we turned from the level and began the asent of the hill.

We could hear the robbers scattering in every direction, some scouting the valley, up which we had come, others scaling the steep on either hand.

Once upon the upper level, we soon reach ed cover in the adjoining thickets, and se-lecting a place I thought would answer the urpose of concealment, we dropped down o wait until the first ardor of the search

More than once we heard footsteps in the immediate neighborhood, but they passed on, and came near us no more.

Shortly before dawn, at the "darkest hour. we stole out, and my companion whom I had not asked for his name, acting as guide, we struck across the mountains and by noon reached my ranch on Benson's

The first object that met my eye, was my

horse standing near the door, with his bridle and saddle still on. He had come in after the hands had gone to the timber, and was evidently anxiously waiting my appearance. My surprise was very great when my com panion made himself known as Judge of Houston, who had come up on business

and had been captured by the robbers ten days before. They had sent a messenger demanding ransom, and were waiting his return when I released the captive.
In twenty hours, I had my old company of rangers on the ground, and in less time

after we had "wiped out" the brigands, root and branch. Although much good had come of my horse's carrying me into the robbers' fastness, yet it was only my invariably good

luck that had saved me from their clutches, and I would decidedly object to again undergoing a like advantage.

Beat Time's Notes.

COMMENDATIONS of my Cough and Cold Balsam, and Lung Renewer, continue to

"I had a violent cold, and, merely intending to buy it, I was cured.

"My little doll-baby suffered from loss of voice, and I administered two spoonfuls and its voice came back.

"I couldn't sing: from the day of my birth I never could sing at all. I took one botile of it, and have gone into the concert business, for I now can sing anything, even without looking. I now can sing any thing, even without looking at these notes.

at these notes.

"Something like a severe cold settled on the musical system of our church organ—the bass notes refused to be pulled; the upper notes faded into mere whispers—in fact, most of the notes stuck in the wind-pipes, though goosegrease was lavishly applied; two bottles made every thing as clear as a whistle, and the organ breathes strong and free.

"My wife has for a long time had and made all kinds of complaints." One bottle was plenty. I feel better.

"Leloked with anger lately to see nothing."

"I choked with anger lately to see nothing on the table for dinner, and hear my wife say the money she got from home was all gone. One spoonful relieved me. Q."

"Before taking it I could scarcely preach half an hour. I now can preach from two to three hours, and don't get half as tired as the congregation does.

B."

"I used a bottle of it for my lungs, which were badly decayed; they will now last for several decades.

"B."

"A friend of mine during a spell of sickness lost his voice along with his breath. A small dose brought both back.

"I used a bottle of it for my lungs, which were badly decayed; they will now last for several decades.

S."

"It completely restored a bellows in our blacksmith shop.

"It is one of the best things out.

"It is one of the best things out.

THE probabilities of life present fruitful themes for study; and probably no one ever had more probabilities than my late lamenten friend Wiggles. Though known but to a few, that man might have been, under a happier fortune, queen of the Amazons. Though totally unable to read, it is probable that he would have made one of the wisest men of our day if he hadn't been hindered. Having no aspirations above his daily occupation of a hostler, how easy is it for the mind to picture him as occupying a mayor's seat, and receiving his honors and his pay regularly. Just think of it, he had more hair on his head and clothes than even the great Napoleon, and what worlds might he have conquered if his chances had been equal to the emergency! Though made in the image of other people, he might have been a monkey. But he is dead, and when I consider how he might be living to this day, I feel very thankful that this probability is not possible, and try this bottle of new wine, which a merchant sent me for an act of kindness and charity which I did him when he was a boy—I bought him a fine-tooth comb and started him up in the sein-

WHEN I am busy at writing I love to hear the voices of children ringing out their over-plus of infantile and unbottleable merriment, and see them romping, running and tumbling in jocund hilarity—I say I like to see and hear them when I am two miles off with a spy-glass without glasses, and an ear trumpet with cotton in it.

Why are boot-blacks, about beginning to polish, like seekers for high renown? Because they expectorate first. The man who got this off has been in the hands of a skillful physician, and I am happy to say is

When a lover gets in despair he is more than likely to get in-discreet.

IF two saw-logs, at so much a gross, in a certain number of hours, were planted in two rows running parallel to each other and only stopping when they get tired, produce fifty pounds of sugar of lead, forty pounds of gutta-percha and a couple of pigs of iron, how many years old is a boy whose grand-father died while she was three years young,

and who has freckles? Solution: add versity and add libitum together; set the bricks down in a row, but don't touch them lest they all fall; draw a clothes' line under them; add a little sugar; multiply your virtues and divide by the number of months since you last swore off and didn't quit. This will give you the an-swer in pounds and inches, which you can easily reduce to years by boiling it down in a kettle-drum over a cake of hot ice and skimming it off. Vulgar fractions should not be employed at less than a dollar and a half a day, including board. Take your own time in reducing this, lest you find yourself reduced and you become a laughable example your own self. Care should be taken to keep the hogs from getting under the gate.

IF we were obliged to sit and write all our goodness, what a large lot of incom-pleted manuscripts would there be when we died? It is awful even to think of the thought of thinking of it.

A good way to get rid of an old well is to dig a hole under it and let it fall in. There are other ways, but I believe there are none, as a whole, so simple as this.

THE man who rose with the sun got very

high about noon. INK is diluted language.

It is wrong to suppose that only lame men were allowed to participate in the O-limpic games of the Grecians?

If you see three crows on a dark night flying across a full moon, or three dry hens wimming in a duck-pond, late in the evening of a clear rainy day, you will see more than ever I did.

Nowadays, while the preacher talks of the "yawning gulf," the congregation are very apt to yawn, themselves. should be regular, potent, and devoid of

ALL the good that some men do in this world you could put in your eye and wonder where it went.

A young lady's eyes beam because they have a beam in them.

Yours, very verily, BEAT TIME:

